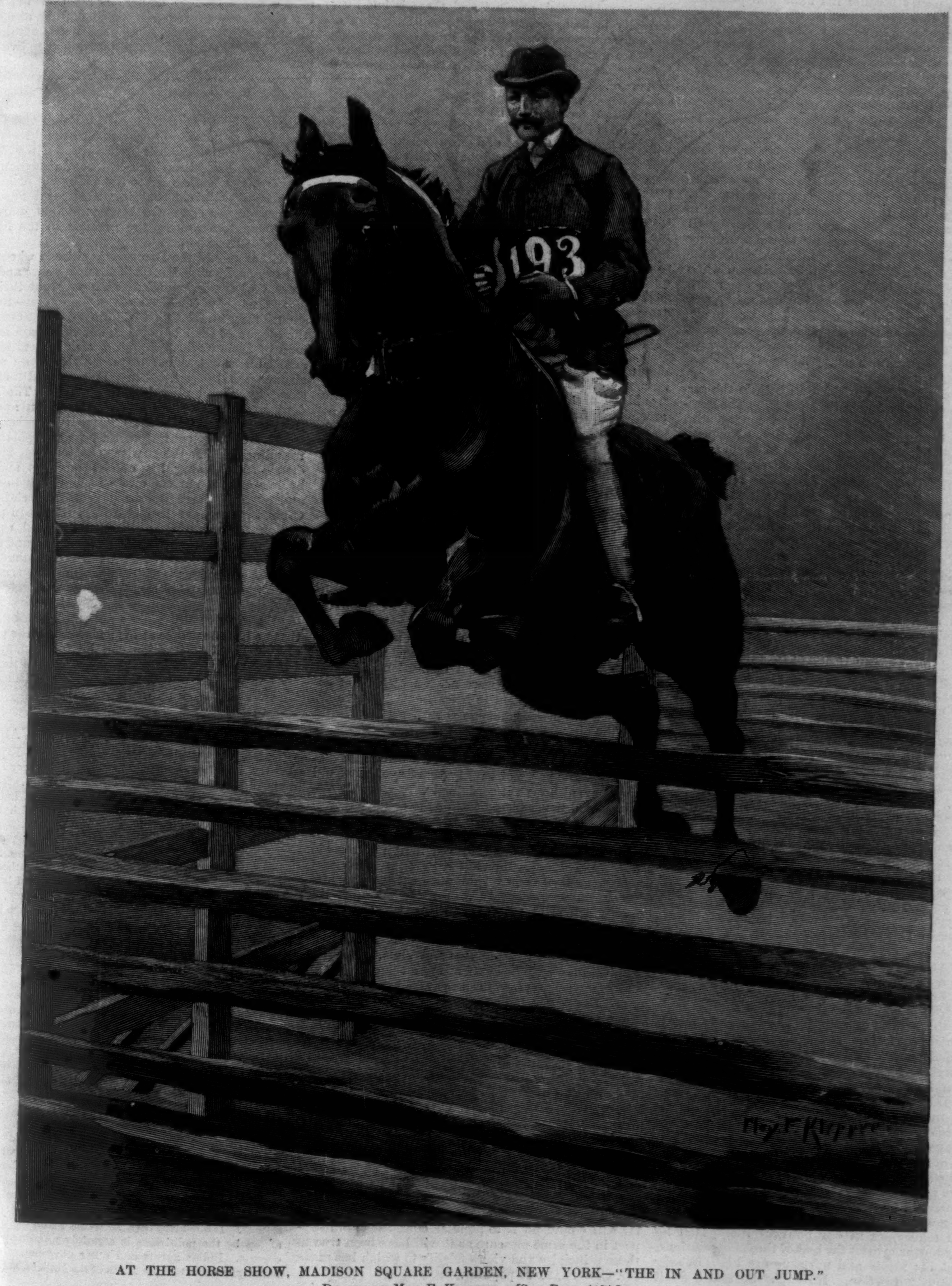
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVI.—No. 1875.
Copyright, 1892, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



AT THE HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK—"THE IN AND OUT JUMP."
DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE PAGE 1134.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 26, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

GROVER CLEVELAND, PRESIDENT-ELECT.

THE nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND as a candidate for the Presidency by the National Democratic Convention in June last was in its way the most extraordinary event in our political history. A majority of the "practical" politicians of his party opposed him, partly because his aims and methods were unsympathetic to them, partly because they honestly thought that he could not be elected. That opposition was carried on in the Convention with especial fierceness by the regular delegation from his own State, who loudly proclaimed that his nomination meant inevitable defeat of the party in the election. But all this resistance, which, according to every political tradition, would have been fatal to any man ever so popular, was borne down by an overpowering pressure of public opinion coming from all parts of the country. This opinion was inspired not only by the universal feeling that in the struggle against the policy of high protection Mr. CLEVELAND was the logical leader, but also by the confidence reposed in his character as a man by all classes of the people. According to the testimony of the most expert Democratic politicians, Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination was a foregone conclusion when the Chicago Convention met. And as the result has amply demonstrated, his election was a foregone conclusion as soon as the nomination was made. The same influences that compelled the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND effected his election: popular approval of the tariff-reform policy he represented, and popular trust in the man.

We are very far from wishing to belittle the services rendered by any one in the struggle. The Democratic party managers conducted the campaign with excellent judgment, energy, and dignity. Eloquent speakers and able writers are entitled to much praise for their persuasive arguments and stirring appeals. Tammany Hall even deserves credit for faithfully redeeming its promise to support Mr. CLEVELAND in the election after having opposed his nomination, and the same credit is due to the politicians of the same way of thinking throughout the country, who, although disliking Mr. CLEVELAND, loyally performed what they considered their duty as party men. But, while all this is true, none of these persons or classes can justly pretend that Mr. CLEVELAND owes his election to them, in the sense that without their especial aid he would not have succeeded. His majority is so large that he would have been elected if Tammany Hall and the State of New York had gone against him. He might have lost several Southern States and still been elected. The campaign managers might have done their work ever so blunderingly, and yet the overwhelming popular current would have carried him through. There is no one orator and no newspaper writer whose efforts might not have been spared without the slightest danger to Mr. CLEVELAND'S chances. All this is amply proven by the fact that in States which were given up as lost by the Democrats, and in which scarcely any work was done, the Democratic gains over the vote of 1888 are as great as those in the States most assiduously cared for. Neither can it be said that Mr. CLEVELAND was aided by the prestige of his party, for nobody will deny that the performances of the Democratic majority in the last session of Congress rather diminished than increased popular confidence in Democratic statesmanship. In short, Mr. CLEVELAND, owing his election to the popular strength of his cause and the popular confidence inspired by his character, is not indebted for his success to any man or set of men. No gratitude is due from him except to a large majority of the American people. He is free to serve the country according to the dictates of his conscience and his good sense, entirely unembarrassed by any sort of private obligation. No President in American history except WASHINGTON could enter upon the duties of his high office with a prouder sense of independence and a stronger assurance of being trusted by the people.

Mr. CLEVELAND is now confronted with the great problem of fulfilling the high expectations entertained by the people as to the future achievements of the man who was nominated and elected on the strength of his mental and moral qualities, in defiance of the current notions of the "practical politician" and of the evil tendencies in our political life. That he honestly means to meet the best of those expectations, and that his ideals and purposes are high, nobody will seriously question. No doubt he would do it forthwith had he alone the power to do it. He would certainly give the country honest and economical government. He would inaugurate a tariff-reform policy thorough in its ends, but circumspect and conservative in its methods. He would establish a currency system furnishing a sufficiency of the circulating medium, every dollar of which, whether silver or paper, would be readily exchangeable for a gold dollar. He would altogether abolish the spoils system, and place the whole public service on the merit basis. But the people should well understand that most of this he cannot do alone. He needs the support and co-operation of the majority in the two Houses of Congress. The majority is in the House of Representatives absolutely in the possession of his party friends, and in the Senate practically so. That Democratic majority can help him to speedy and complete success, and it can, on the other hand, hamper his endeavors and thwart his aims. What will it do?

With regard to the tariff policy the Democratic party is substantially united, and there is but little difficulty to be apprehended as to the execution of the common purpose. On the monetary question there are great differences of opinion in the Democratic ranks. The movement in favor of the free coinage of silver may indeed be looked upon as practically dead. But the mania to flood the country with "more money," to be created by the government, no matter whether that money be good or bad, has bred a variety of dangerous schemes, which unfortunately have their advocates also among the Democrats in Congress. If they should succeed in preventing the adoption of a monetary system based on the sound principles Mr. CLEVELAND stands for, they will furnish the Republicans with an issue of the highest importance, on which the Democrats would inevitably at the next election lose all the fruits of their recent victory. The treatment of the money question by the Democratic majority in Congress will be one of the great tests of their sincerity in presenting a candidate for the Presidency whose well-known opinions on this subject aided most powerfully in creating that confidence which made the Democratic triumph possible. They should well understand that now to repudiate the principles on the strength of which the President has been elected would be a self-inflicted blow fatal to Democratic ascendency for a long time to come.

As to the reform of the civil service, Mr. CLEVELAND'S own convictions and his resoluteness in enforcing them will in a high degree constitute the decisive factor. The President has the power to extend the operation of the civil service law over all the places under the government to which it may possibly be applied. He has also the power, by self-imposed rules of conduct, to apply the general principle of the merit system to all appointments made by him with the consent of the Senate. In doing this he will practically abolish the spoils system for his own administration, and set a shining example to his successors. That Mr. CLEVELAND wishes to do this we have no doubt. We have just as little doubt that he will meet with fierce opposition among members of his party of high and low degree. During his first Presidential term that opposition advanced the plea that the offices were needed by way of reward and encouragement to keep the party together. This plea, although plausible then, is utterly futile under the circumstances now existing.

The Democratic party which elected Mr. CLEVELAND on the 8th of November is very different from the Democratic party of twenty years ago. The old Democracy, although it contained very valuable elements, would never have been able to achieve the recent victory. The party has been made strong enough to do that by the accession of a large number of men who support it because they see in it not the old Democratic organization, but a new instrument of progress and good government. These accessions of strength would surely drop away again if the hopes which attracted them to the Democracy met with serious disappointment. They will remain with that Democracy which is represented by Mr. CLEVELAND'S well-known principles and aims. Nothing would disgust and repel them more than to see the Democracy relapse into the ways of a band of spoilsmen. Nothing will hold them more surely than a living proof that the Democracy, not only in theory, but in practice, regards public office as a public trust. The faithful Democrat, therefore, who has the welfare of his party truly at heart, and wishes to keep it strong, will be careful not to forget the exigencies of the future over the present triumph. That triumph has been largely owing to Mr. CLEVELAND'S personal prestige. But at the close of his second administration he will, according to the traditions of the country, permanently retire from the Presidency. The Democratic party cannot expect to have another candidate of such exceptional popularity as his. The strength of the party will then entirely depend upon the character it has made for itself, and that character will commend it to popular confidence and support in the same measure as it will have been true to those principles and views fidelity to which has made Mr. CLEVELAND so popular.

It is by no means impossible that in his struggle with the spoils politicians of his party Mr. CLEVELAND will be compelled distinctly to choose between the favor of the party machines, bosses, and patronage-mongers and the retention with the Democracy of those patriotic and enlightened elements which recently joined it and gave it its present strength. We trust that in such an emergency Mr. CLEVELAND'S decision will be prompt and uncompromising. His first administration has given him some valuable experiences. He will remember that most of the spoils politicians, high and low, who prevailed upon him, at the expense of his own principles and of his fame, to pamper them with patronage to "hold the party together," then turned against him as enemies. He will remember that those who most severely criticised his lapses on the ground of sound principle and good policy remained his most steadfast and devoted friends. He will remember that he holds his commission from the generous confidence of the people of the United States, and not from the spoilsmen of his party, who vainly struggled to prevent his nomination. He will be mindful of the fact that the new Democracy can live and prosper only as a party of progress and reform; that the greatest service he has rendered to his party in the past was to lead it upon that path; that the greatest service he can render to his party in the future will be to keep it there; and that this is the true way to "hold the party together" for party success as well as public usefulness. He will not forget that his second and last administration will submit his public career to the judgment of history without appeal, and that it will depend upon his firmness in the right whether or not that judgment will place him among the greatest in the line of American Presidents.

Neither should the Democratic citizens who are in full sympathy with Mr. CLEVELAND'S views and purposes, and the independent men who cut their old party ties to give Mr. CLEVELAND their votes—neither should they forget that their duty did not end with the casting of their ballots. They may soon see the man of their choice grappling with difficulties and antagonisms calculated to puzzle the wisest and to stagger the bravest. Then they should not idly stand by, abandoning him to his fate. The President lives in a state of siege. Exaction and flattery, cajolery and threat, constantly bombard him in bewildering confusion. The atmosphere surrounding him is thick with covetousness and deceit. In choosing his official advisers and aids he has only a narrow circle from which to select, and our days have not been prolific in statesmen. Often will he have to look to his friends in private station for counsel, encouragement, and support; and that should come to him voluntarily, and should be honestly and generously given. He cannot claim exemption from just criticism when he errs; but when fighting a good fight, against whatever adversary, the public opinion of the country should speak loudly on his side, and he should be made to feel that he has the people at his back. Thus the promise of this hopeful situation can be fulfilled, and Mr. CLEVELAND'S second Presidency may give the country one of the most beneficent and fruitful administrations in the annals of the republic.

A THREATENED INDIAN WAR.

THERE is threatening news from the West. Reports are that the Arapahoes and the Cheyennes are angry and have declared their intention to go on the war-path. The basis of their complaint is the too familiar story of hunger and fraud. The government is again charged with breaking faith with "the wards of the nation."

The Indians who have signified their hostile purpose by indulging in the ghost-dance were removed from that part of Oklahoma which was opened to white settlement last April. As compensation for the land that had been taken from them they were to receive a sum of money, to be divided among them, and 160 acres of land for each head of a family. The payments of the money seem to have been charged with certain "lawyers' fees," which army officers and others on the frontier denounce as fraudulent. The result is that the second payment to each Indian creditor of the government was $56 instead of $75.

Besides this apparent swindle in money payments, the Indians say that they are receiving half-rations, and that disease, the inevitable result of starvation, has made its appearance. The children are dying, the women have consumption, and the old men of the tribes are so feeble that they cannot leave their tepees. The despatches which announce this state of affairs say that General MILES predicted some time ago that there would be an outbreak. At the same time we are told that the White River Utes "are again running wild."

Experience teaches us that there is no need of Indian wars, and that these conflicts result, as a rule, from wrongs done to the Indians. If it had not been for wretched swindles perpetrated by trusted agents of the government, the hard campaign and the fight at Wounded Knee would not have brought their disasters and fatalities upon the army and the settlers. It is evident that the recent management of Indian affairs by the politicians is certainly unwise and probably corrupt. Indian agents and other government officers are making profit out of the needs of the Indians, and are breaking the public faith for their own pecuniary benefit. The result is, suffering for the Indians who have trusted us, disaster for the frontiersmen, and death and wounds and hardships for the soldiers who are called upon to punish the Indians for resenting with force the fraud upon them. The Indian sees death from starvation if he remains at peace, and death from bullets if he goes to war; and if he accepts the latter alternative, he sees an opportunity to avenge his wrongs. The pity of it is that his vengeance falls upon men, soldiers and settlers, whose hatred of his oppressors is as bitter as his own. The fraudulent agent escapes, and the life of a worthy soldier like Captain WALLACE is offered up in his stead.

If it is not too late, Secretary NOBLE ought to take into serious consideration the facts which General MILES is said to have already called to his attention. The country is not likely to soon forgive the man or men who may be suspected of responsibility for another Indian war.

THE CHRISTMAS "HARPER."

IT would be rash to say that a more artistic magazine has ever been published than the Christmas HARPER that has just been issued. It ought not to be necessary to explain that the adjective applies to the literary as well as to the pictorial contents. Indeed, it cannot be limited even to the contents, for the special cover is an extremely effective piece of decoration in blue and gold and white, retaining only a general resemblance in its design to the cover so familiar and endeared to hundreds of thousands of readers. As befits a holiday publication, the number is complete in itself, and perforce the most striking feature of the text is the number of short stories. It is well enough known that American writers have in this field won a distinguished and peculiar success, and the range of their achievement, as well as its quality, is here admirably exhibited. Established favorites, like Miss WILKINS and Miss WOOLSON, are confronted with newer comers who do not fail to sustain themselves even in so exacting a competition; for Mrs. MCGLASSON'S "Fan's Mammy" is a tragedy in little, as, indeed, is "Crazy Wife's Ship," which Mr. BUNNER modestly calls a sketch; and Mr. WISTER'S "How Lin McLean went East" is a very charming specimen of the serio-comic tale, while Mr. ROBERTS contributes a striking and suggestive sketch. Miss WOOLSON and Miss WILKINS have surprises, too, for their admirers, for Miss WOOLSON has seldom offered them so melodramatic a story as her Venetian "Christmas Party," while Miss WILKINS, in addition to her "Pastels in Prose," has attempted the dramatic form, and taken the Salem witchcraft for a subject in "Giles Corey, Yeoman." It is to France that the American writers of short stories must look for competitors as well as for exemplars, and the Christmas HARPER contains an excellent example of the French *conte* in M. FERDINAND FABRE'S "Le Réveillon," illustrated after a very interesting and sympathetic fashion by M. GEORGE ROUX. Indeed, the illustrations are not less noteworthy than the things illustrated, and the art of the illustrator has scarcely gone beyond the work shown here of Mr. ABBEY (in a weird design for Mr. BUNNER'S story), of Mr. DU MOND, Mr. PYLE, Mr. REINHART, Mr. MOWBRAY, Mr. FROST, Mr. REMINGTON, and Mr. SMEDLEY. One of the most striking things in the number is a "find" of some quaint and droll drawings by THACKERAY to his own version of the ballad of "Lord Bateman," with a comment by his daughter, Mrs. RITCHIE, while Mr. DU MAURIER is seen at his best in "The Dancing Man of the Period." The dancing woman of the period is treated by Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS, who, in "A Cameo and a Pastel," traces an analogy between the actual amusements of the New-Yorker and the amusements of the Romans of the decadence. More in the ordinary course of magazine articles are the scholarly paper, "A new Light on the Chinese," by HENRY B. MCDOWELL, vividly illustrated with scenes from the Californian China by Mr. WORES, and "Some Types of the Virgin," by Mr. THEODORE CHILD, with admirably chosen and reproduced heads of the Madonna. The number is not only "worth looking at," but it is very well worth reading from end to end.

WESTERN RAILWAY IMPROVEMENT.

THE West is inclined to boast of its fast railroad trains, but they are rather the pride of the whole country. They are, perhaps, of no more actual value to the people in common than all else that goes to mark the Western spirit of enterprise, but quick travel between the two great regions is a thing of immediate interest and present comfort to all travellers, from whatever section. It is an indication of the trend of our progress. It shows that presently, as we are moving now, there will be no part of the country that will be poorly served in this respect.

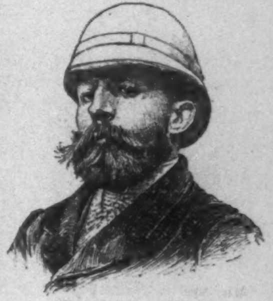
There has certainly been a great revolution in railway travel west of Chicago, and it has been recently brought about. The time was not long ago when the trans-continental tourist felt his progress materially impeded beyond Chicago and St. Louis. He was hurled along to those points by Eastern railways as if, to quote an American humorist, "all nature was greased for the occasion." Beyond them the brakes seemed hard set on all the trains. But now the East must share with the middle West that credit for quick service which the Eastern roads used to claim exclusively. To-day there are "fliers" from Chicago to St. Paul, to St. Louis, to Omaha, and even to Denver, the Coloradan capital being now reached at the end of a second day's run out from New York.

There are as yet no such swift trains to the Pacific coast; but in all the far Western country there has been a wonderful advance in railway equipment and in comfort for the traveller. Heavy steel rails and modern road-bed construction, to say nothing of the now common distribution of palace coaches on nearly all the roads, render travel in the West very like what it is in the East.

One of the most revolutionary-minded men among the Western railway presidents asserts that competition will eventually force all the trunk lines to straighten their routes and reduce their grades—or abolish the greater number of them—so that quick time may be made with heavy trains from coast to coast. If that is measurably so, the future holds a new outlet for the surplus earnings of the companies when the present era of extension and combination shall have ended. But how wonderful and admirable have been the achievements of the Western roads up to this time! We hear the American compared with the English railways to the disadvantage of ours; but when it is considered that we have been steadily adding populated territory ever since railroading began, and that the railroads have led the way for population in all the new States, the wonder grows that we should be able to ride upon the plains or over the Rocky Mountains with far more comfort than Englishmen ride in their own country, in better and safer coaches, even if the road-beds are not quite so substantial and costly.

A LETTER FROM THEODORE CHILD.

IN the last number of this paper the sad news of Mr. THEODORE CHILD'S death, of typhoid fever, on the road between Julfa and Marg, ten miles beyond Ispahan (after recovering from cholera at Tabriz), was announced. In the brief account of his life and last and fatal journey in Persia were included extracts from some of the private letters he had sent from that Eastern land. Since then another letter from him has been received in New York. It was addressed to a member of the firm of HARPER & BROTHERS, and was written in Teheran, the capital city of Persia, on October 2d, just one month before Mr. CHILD'S death. The writer says:


EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

"We have just arrived safely and in good health in the Persian capital after a march of seventeen days from Tabriz. We now have a good caravan, comprising ten horses and four slaves, two slaves for the horses and two for ourselves, of whom one is a cook—a fine cook; but, alas! he leaves us here on account of the cold, for we camp out o' nights in a tent—one tent for ourselves and one for the slaves—and the nights are now superiorly cold. It is a hard life we are leading, exposed to all the elements—burning sun in the day, cold at night, fearful wind, blinding dust; thieves, too, and kicks from horses. The other day WEEKS got a fierce kick on the thigh, but he managed to get over it. At Zendjan, where we camped at the gates of the town, thieves came in the night, cut the small ropes of the tent, and abstracted one of my trunks, containing all my good clothes, linen shirts, etc., over $200 worth. They got away with their plunder, and left me with my riding clothes alone, and as these are burnt all colors by sun, dust, and rain, I cut a poor figure in Teheran, and shall be obliged to continue cutting the same poor figure until we get to India, which ought to be about December 1st, as we have still some forty days' caravan riding before we reach the gulf.

"But all this bad luck and hard work is compensated by the beauty and novelty of the country and the people. Nothing has yet been published about Persia that gives any idea of it. WEEKS is enthusiastic. He paints at sunrise, he paints at sunset, and even when he goes to bed he continues painting his nose with vaseline, in which operation I follow his example; for, although we are both burnt as black as brown niggers, the ends of our noses cannot resist the fierceness of the noonday sun, and they crack and peel, and are awful to look upon. We are gathering heaps of material, and the little ride from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf will, I hope, be found interesting by the public. There are not many people who have done it, and rough as it is, it is worth doing. There is literally no end of material for illustration, and all different from anything either of us has ever seen in any country or any book. But what slow work it is! What a long time it takes to gather the material! What endless difficulty in the way of the artist! These Persians are very fanatical, and at the present moment Christians are in bad odor everywhere, so that you cannot go and sit down to paint anywhere. In the towns we have to get policemen and soldiers to protect the artist, and keep the stupid crowd at a distance.

"Teheran is an awfully funny place, a queer mixture of East and West, with a great polychrome square that looks like the outside of an ambulant circus—very comic."

When stricken with his fatal illness, Mr. CHILD was on his way to India to write a series of papers for HARPER'S MAGAZINE. His untimely death was a sad loss to literature generally, but it is a special pity that he should not have lived to carry out his desire to tell the world more than it knows of the land of the Shah and of that further India, where ancient Eastern civilization refuses to give place to the modern ways of the more rugged West. At the American Chapel in Paris, on the afternoon of November 15th, a service in memory of Mr. CHILD was held, and Dr. THURBER, the rector, delivered an eloquent eulogy of the gifted writer. A large assemblage of English, French, and American writers, journalists, and artists were present to testify to the loss they all felt in the death of one who, when in life, had been prominent among them for all endearing qualities. Mr. EDWIN LORD WEEKS, Mr. CHILD'S companion, after burying the body of his friend at Julfa, passed on towards India, taking the road to Shiraz.

SOME RECENT NAVAL COURTS MARTIAL.

THE naval and military services of the republic seem to have fallen upon evil days. There was a time within the memory, not of the graybeards, but of the men who yet must be in the youth of old age, when these servants of the nation were reasonably sure of the same judgments accorded their fellow-citizens engaged in like useful and honorable professions and trades. Indeed, the achievements and traditions of the army and navy on those friendly seasons were such as to rally most Americans to their defence, and in any questions affecting the honor of either service, the officer was usually assumed to be innocent until his guilt was proved.

Unhappily all this is changed; for, owing to the predetermined judgments of our daily press, the vaguest accusation, the weakest falsehood, is sufficient to arouse a hostility against the naval or military man, not because he may be at fault, but because he is an officer of one of our standing forces. Many apt illustrations crowd to point this moral, notably the two latest courts martial which have excited the rancor of various leading journals. In one case Rear-Admiral WALKER has been assailed, because he had a disagreeable public duty to perform and did it. While his flag-ship was anchored off the principal port of Venezuela during the late revolution, the marine guard was sent ashore to protect the property and to save the lives of American citizens. With an unusual disregard of their duties—for the marines are good soldiers—several members of the force smuggled rum into the quarters, and became so riotously drunk as to be incapable of performing their duties. After the subordinates had been disciplined, the officer commanding the guard was put on trial for neglect of duty. No denial of the drunkenness was offered, nor was any effort made to prove that the responsibility for the want of discipline rested elsewhere. The officer contented himself with pleading, in bar of trial, not his innocence, but a previous punishment, which he claimed to have received in a public reprimand.

This excuse seems to be about the last that any officer should use when on trial for the offence alleged. Very justly it was overruled by the admiral, the trial proceeded, the officer was found guilty, and was sentenced to an inadequate punishment. Admiral WALKER declared that the offence merited a severer sentence, and as a result has been virulently attacked, tried, and condemned by the very people who would have attacked, tried, and condemned had he acted differently, or if he had not acted at all. The reason is plain. They find WALKER a shining mark, and shoot at him whenever the mood moves them, especially as he is not able to hit back, or to reach the audience which condemns him. Not content with this, they find in his review of the case another proof that the navy has gone to the demnition bow-wows, because of the tyranny exercised by the line, and the heart-breaking sufferings of the engineers, who ought to be commodores and captains, and command squadrons and ships, instead of running mere machines, like their brothers in the merchant marine.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE FOR 1892. Volume XIII. With 600 Illustrations and 872 pages. 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 50. (*Ready November 25th.*)

ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF GREEN'S SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. Edited by Mrs. J. R. GREEN and Miss KATE NORGATE. With Portrait, Colored Plates, Maps, and Many Illustrations. Vol. I., Royal 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $5 00.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, and Notices of his Artistic and Poetic Circle of Friends, 1830 to 1882. Edited by W. MINTO. Illustrated by Etchings by Himself, and Reproductions of Sketches by Himself and Friends. Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00. (*In a Box.*)

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the Compromise of 1850. By JAMES FORD RHODES. Vol. I., 1850–1854; Vol. II., 1854–1860. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $5 00. (*In a Box.*)

THE ARMIES OF TO-DAY. A Description of the Armies of the Leading Nations at the Present Time. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 50.

MOLTKE: HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER. Sketched in Journals, Letters, Memoirs, a Novel, and Autobiographical Notes. Translated by MARY HERMS. With Illustrations from Drawings by Moltke, Portraits, and Facsimile Letters. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.—Uniform with *The Franco-German War of 1870-71*, and *Letters of Von Moltke to his Mother and his Brothers.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, Author of "Boys of '76," etc. Profusely Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00.

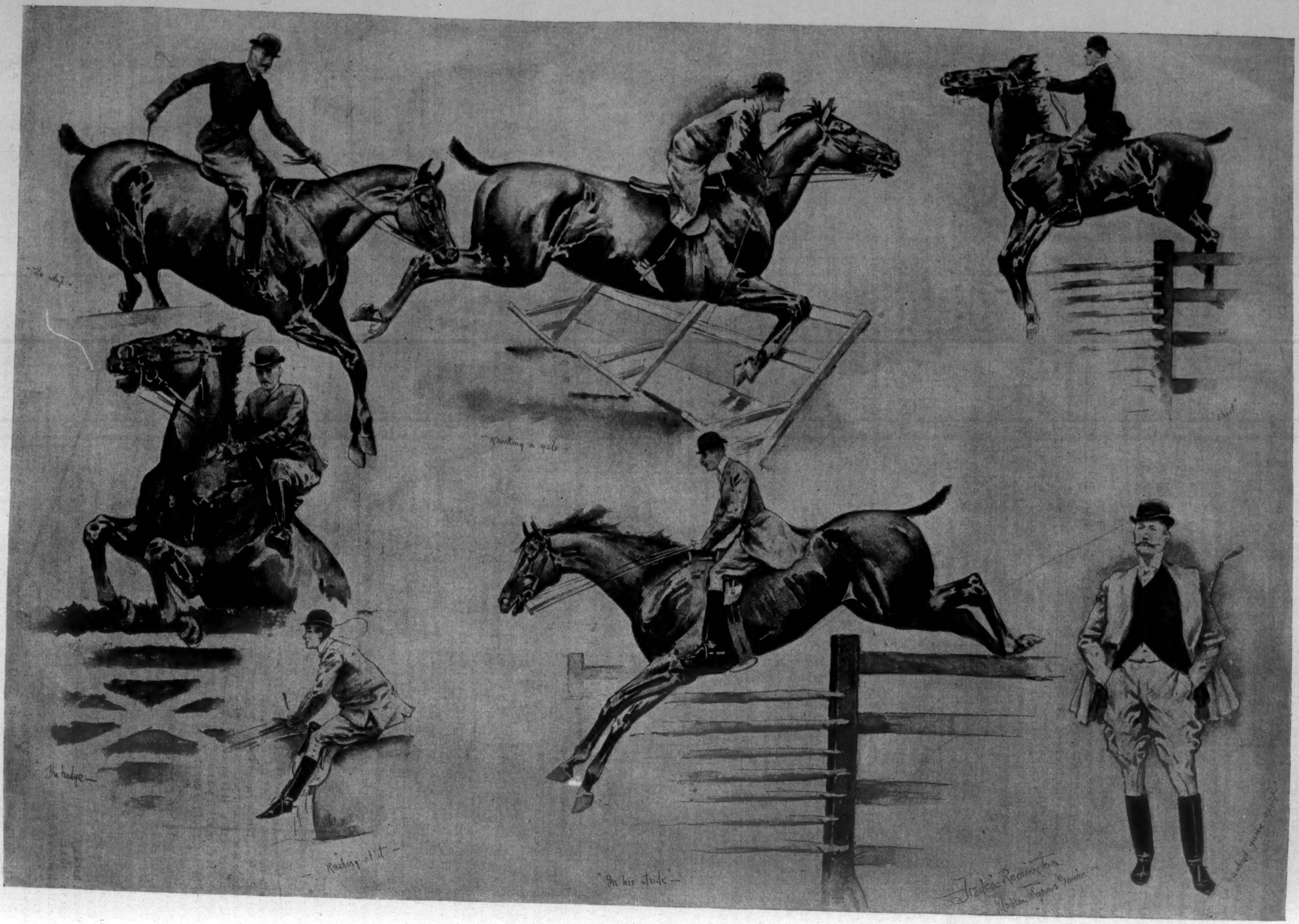
HARPER'S CHICAGO AND THE WORLD'S FAIR. The Chapters on the Exposition being Collated from Official Sources and Approved by the Department of Publicity and Promotion of the World's Columbian Exposition. By JULIAN RALPH. With Seventy-three Full-page Engravings. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00.

PRUE AND I. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Illustrated from Drawings by ALBERT EDWARD STERNER. 8vo, Illuminated Silk, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 50. (*In a Box.*)

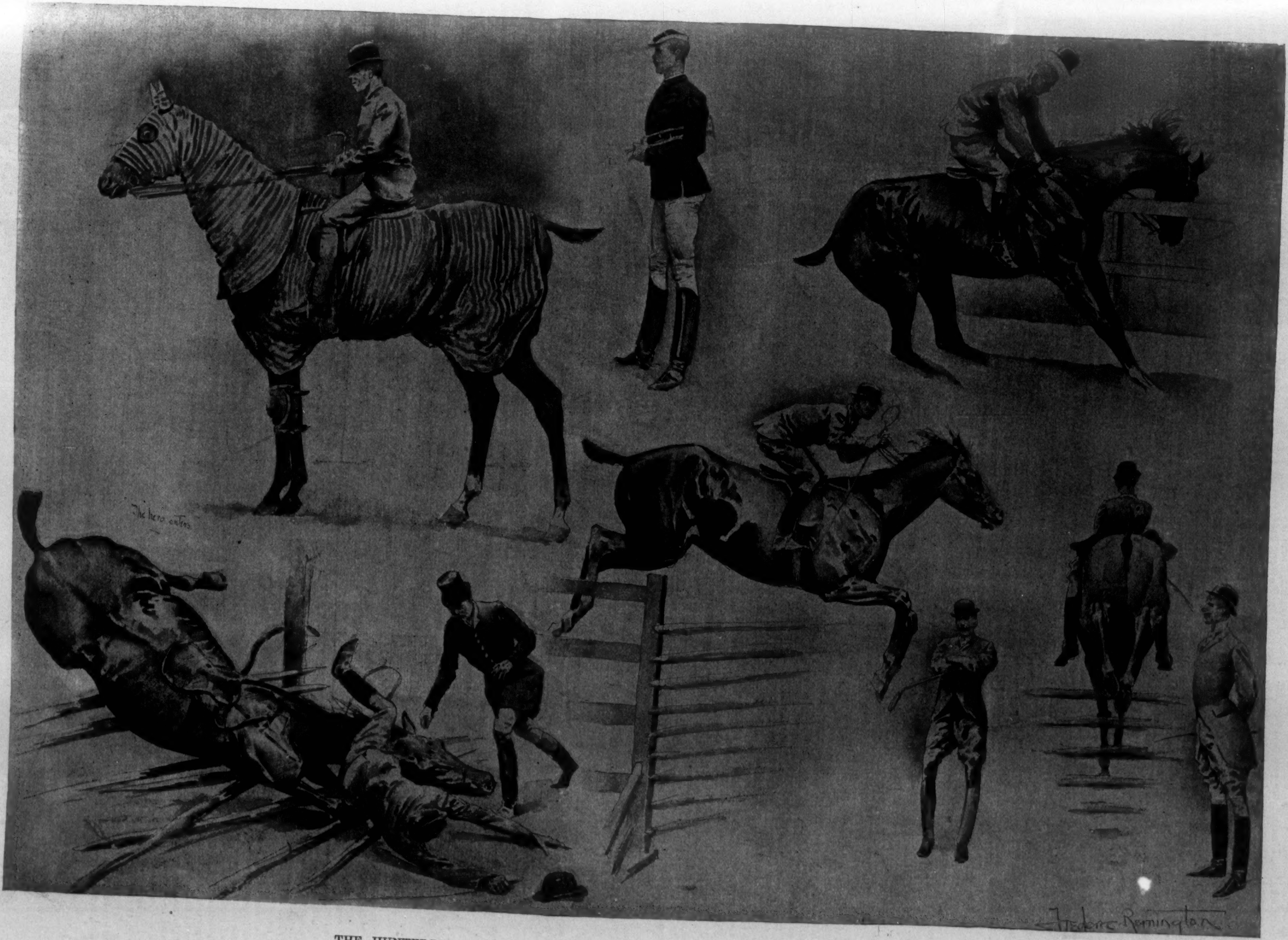
Édition de luxe (limited to 250 copies), Full Vellum, $15 00. (*In a Box.*) Ready shortly.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price. HARPER'S CATALOGUE *will be sent to any address on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*


— The whip —
— Knocking a gate —
Sheer
— The hedge —
— Rushing at it —
— In his stride —
Frederic Remington
Madison Square Garden

OVER, UNDER, AND THROUGH THE TIMBER AT THE HORSE SHOW.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 1134.]


The hero enters
Frederic Remington

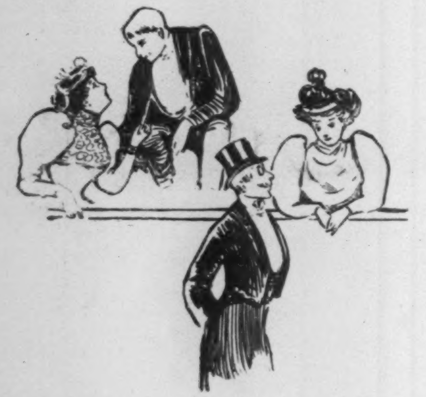
THE HUNTERS AT THE HORSE SHOW.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 1134.]

THE HORSE SHOW OF 1892.

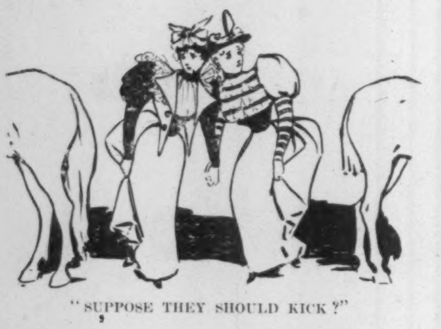
BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

PROBABLY it is characteristic of the New-Yorker to give the eighth annual show of the National Horse Show Association of America no further distinction than the title bestowed on this article, but I plead not guilty in this instance at least. There are, in the course of the year, a score or more of horse shows held throughout this country, where one may see some very fine stock, but, after all, the one held here annually is, as its name implies, national, and must therefore be known as *the* horse show of these United States of America.

And this year's show has been an event in the association's history. It is very pleasant to record the success of the week just closed, before going into the less agreeable task of criticising methods and pointing out defects. But before that uncongenial labor is entered upon, let us acknowledge what great strides the National Association has made, and what it has done for the improvement of our horses. We are apt to refer to it as being more of a social event than anything else, and sneer at it accordingly. No one denies that it is indeed considerable of a social function, but in this fact lies the secret of its great success. It may be confessed that two-thirds of the holders of the boxes and arena seats are attracted by the social side of the event, but it remains nevertheless true that these have entered their horses, incited a spirit of rivalry among those of equal means, and filled the coffers of the association.


SO INTERESTED IN THE HORSES.

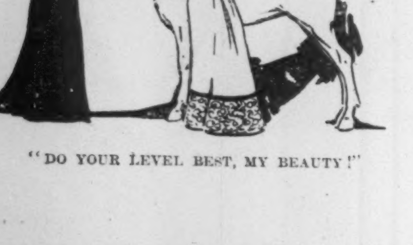
Influences of this sort have worked the natural result. The desire to win has been the means of large sums of money being invested in horseflesh, and the average of the American carriage and saddle horse has been raised fifty per cent. in even the last three or four years. It is not many years ago when the Park Commissioners were thinking of closing the bridle-paths of Central Park, in this city, because they were so little used. In those days any horse that would carry a man without endangering his life was considered a saddler. Those who remember the first horse show in the old Madison Square Garden about ten years ago must have stood about the ring in the magnificent new building last week and wondered at the revolution. I know I did.


"SUPPOSE THEY SHOULD KICK?"

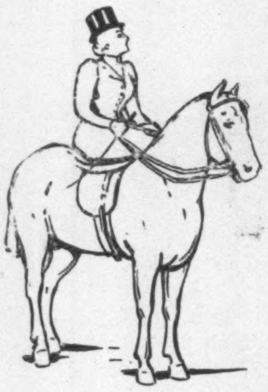
It is only fair, therefore, when we are criticising, to remember what this association has accomplished, no matter whether through social sources or not, and be thankful. Nothing will show so completely how very earnestly "society," so called, has stamped the show with its approval as the figures paid for boxes the past few years. Three years ago the boxes sold for, I believe, about $18,000; last year they brought $34,000, and this year $54,000. The entries have grown in the corresponding time from 300 to 1100.

It is true, too, that the improvement in nearly all of our classes of horses has been due to the lavish expenditure in English importations; but while it may not be gratifying to the American to see our blue ribbons adorning the headstalls of foreign animals, it has been the quickest and best, and, in fact, only means of improving our breed.

We appear now to have reached a condition where it behooves us to do something more for the American breeder, who naturally looks to the National Association for protection and assistance. There is no reason why "society" should not have its fad, and go in for hunters and hackneys to its heart's content; the latter is the most useful type of horse in the world, and we are rapidly cultivating a better appreciation of the hunter. The National Horse Show Association has two missions—first, to encourage and assist breeders; and, second, to educate the people, who as a mass are unfortunately very ignorant, up to a proper understanding of classification.


"DO YOUR LEVEL BEST, MY BEAUTY!"

There is yet another and a third mission which the association must undertake if it desires to gain the confidence of the public, or, I will go further and say, if it wishes to preserve its good name: it must manage the disposal of its tickets much more fairly than it has the past two years, but especially this year—it must wipe out to a very large extent the speculator element. Of course it is natural that reputable speculators get hold of a certain number of tickets, and, indeed, desirable, for there are always those who want good seats at the eleventh hour, but the percentage should be exceedingly limited.


"A BLUE RIBBON, PLEASE."

The handling of the tickets this year was nothing short of disgraceful; at least two-thirds of the house got into the possession of speculators, and the sidewalk outside of the Garden was simply alive with men who blocked your way and wanted five dollars for dollar and a half seats. One speculator, I have been informed on the best authority, actually joined the association, and secured a block of five hundred of the choicest seats. The other speculators secured their seats by some hocus pocus quite as extraordinary.

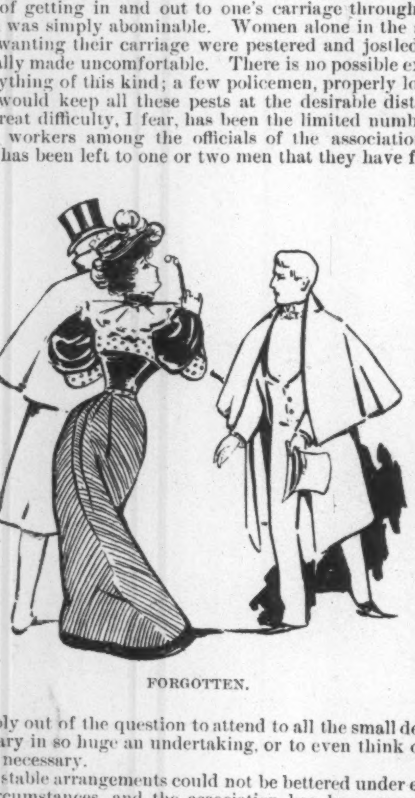
Gentlemen of such social and financial standing in the community as Messrs. Cornelius Fellowes, John G. Heckscher, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., H. H. Hollister, F. K. Sturgis, Frederick Bronson, Prescott Lawrence, A. J. Cassatt, W. K. Vanderbilt, E. D. Morgan, F. A. Schermerhorn, *et al.*, all of whom are directors and officers of the association, can hardly afford to be considered in league with hungry ticket speculators.

Moreover, the association has outgrown the necessity of going out into the highways and byways for members. The time was when almost any one willing to pay ten dollars a year was acceptable, but the need of that day has gone by. Next year applications for membership should have somewhat similar treatment to those made any other organization.

And when a man has become a member, and paid his ten dollars, he should have the only privilege which such membership is supposed to convey. His application for seats should be filed up to a certain date. Out-of-town members have suffered much neglect in this respect. A trip to New York for the sole purpose of securing seats is certainly too expensive a luxury, and hence they have been compelled to rely on friends who were as helpless as they, or buy their tickets from the speculators at exorbitant rates.

The rule of the almighty dollar was entirely too much *en évidence* at this last horse show. It looked, to borrow from the prize-ring vernacular, as though every one was out for "de stuff." The café, that heretofore has been reserved for club members, was open to all comers; every Tom, Dick, and Harry was at liberty to eat, drink, and be merry, where, to gain such privileges, many deluded sportsmen had paid ten dollars for himself, and another ten very likely for his wife, under the impression that it would be reserved from the rabble, and where he could get a bite of luncheon and a cold bottle. There is no possible excuse for this breaking down of barriers, and it would be simple enough to have a public drinking-place aside from the club café.

One other thing in this line, the policing at the entrance was utterly inadequate, the host of speculators was joined by a squadron of cabbies and their runners, and the entire affair of getting in and out to one's carriage through that rabble was simply abominable. Women alone in the afternoon wanting their carriage were pestered and jostled and generally made uncomfortable. There is no possible excuse for anything of this kind; a few policemen, properly looked after, would keep all these pests at the desirable distance. The great difficulty, I fear, has been the limited number of actual workers among the officials of the association; so much has been left to one or two men that they have found it simply out of the question to attend to all the small details necessary in so huge an undertaking, or to even think of all that is necessary.


FORGOTTEN.

The stable arrangements could not be bettered under existing circumstances, and the association has been very fortunate in its superintendent, Randolph, who has certainly attended to getting the horses in and out of the ring in the best possible manner. The stalls, too, have been kept in a cleanly condition, which has made visiting the horses not only a possibility for the ladies, but an enjoyment. The attendants have been respectful and obliging.

To begin with, the time has come now when the association can follow out more independent lines than it has heretofore. It was well enough half a dozen years ago, when nobody took any especial interest in the annual event, and it was nip and tuck for existence, to be careful not to strike out too boldly. The people in those days were, on the average, even more ignorant on the subject of horse than they are now. That seems rather hard to realize, but it was so.

Curious that in this vast country, where the horse is to be found everywhere, we should have been so long becoming fairly well acquainted with him. The dark days of uncertainty have now, however, broken into ones of sunshine and prosperity. The National Association is no longer struggling for mere existence; it is now wealthy and independent.

It is at last in a position where it can exercise to the fullest extent the prerogatives invested in it as our National Show. First of all, before any argument is made, I acknowledge the annual show has been created the great success it is because "society," so called, took it into favor and crowded its judging-ring with hackneys and hunters, the "fads" of certain classes of wealthy people. I know it is their money that has paid for the boxes at absurdly high prices, and the prodigal son who has squandered his substance in blocks of arena seats at speculators' prices; but this year saw the emancipation of the association from social slavery.

The show has become quite as necessary to "society" as was "society" to the show a year or two ago.

To be more explicit, the time has now arrived when the association can live up to its name. There are many improvements, many changes to be made, the boldest and most important of which probably would be a more clearly defined classification of all the horses.

It should not be possible for the same horse to be entered in the harness and saddle classes. I have gone into this subject very fully at other times; but briefly, a horse cannot, or should not, be a national prize winner under the saddle and in harness. He may be a good hack at either, and many very good horses are used in this way, but when we come to put such an animal into the judging-ring as a candidate for championship honors in both of these classes, it seems to me we are belittling our standard and asking too much of the horse. And then, too, hunters should not be mixed up with saddle-horses. A hunter should not be shown as a Park hack, nor *vice versa*. The hunter is decidedly not a Park hack, and to put a Park hack into the ring as a hunter is utterly ridiculous. Their conformations are different, their gaits are different.

WELL GROOMED.

There should be three classes of hunters, heavy, middle, and light weight, green and qualified in each, and no one horse to be entered in more than one class. It has been wearisome at the show each year to see the same horse as a hunter, Park hack, ladies' hack, in tandem, four, a pair, etc. Exhibitors should be made to choose the class, and then stay in it.

Ladies' hunters, I think, should be ridden over the jumps by a lady, and all ladies' saddle-horses should have one of that sex in the saddle. In both tandem and four-in-hands classes separate prizes should be given for driving only. Certainly our gentlemen whips need abundance of practice, especially in tandem. Last year there was a prize for professional four-in-hand whips, but this year even that was done away with, and the special for tandem-driving, given by Dr. W. S. Tremaine, a sportsman of Buffalo, brought out only two entries.

Men need encouragement in these classes, and if the association would include them in the prize list every year, the desired entries would shortly be obtained. Classes of this kind don't fill in a year; it takes time to make them popular.

There is one exceedingly important matter to every one interested in the practical results of this yearly show, and that is the improvement of the industrial horse. A beginning was made this year in the special prize for public hansoms, but that is not enough. The association should not wait for special prizes to be given in these classes, but include them on the regular list. That is what a national association is for; that is where the country at large is to derive some substantial benefit. A demand in the city for a higher grade of the industrial animal means an improvement in the country breeder.

I would make a feature and give a good prize for stallions calculated to improve the breed of horses in the United States for general purposes. There should be prizes for dray-horses and the grade of horse used before butcher and grocer carts and general delivery wagons. Such a class might not fill the first year, but its eventual success would be inevitable and the benefit lasting.

Why has there never been a class for cavalry and artillery horses? Here is a grade of horse that is exceptionally difficult to secure, and one whose demand is growing yearly.

SHADOWS.

Just now the supply, which comes chiefly, I believe, from that ubiquitous genus the Western bronco, is inadequate and unsatisfactory. Any one wishing positive evidence on this statement need only ask some member of a city troop, who cannot afford the luxury of a private horse, what kind of time he has getting a suitable charger whenever the troop is ordered out; or, better still, go up to West Point, and see the limited supply and character of mounts furnished by the government for the riding of its future army officers.

I do not write of this horse show as an annual entertainment to be enjoyed like the roof performance on top of the Madison Square Garden in the summer-time. I do not so regard it. To my way of thinking, it is our National Horse Show to which breeders should in time look to for awards and encouragement and assistance in improving the horseflesh of this country.

The National Horse Show Association has every means at hand to become such a national body, and its failure to do so must be attributed to the "cold blood" of its stockholders and directors.

There should be, and there can be without a great deal of trouble, more intelligent suggestion and direction of the special prizes; half the special classes now added are of little or no value. There are endless prizes for mare or gelding of a certain number of hands, and then for under a certain age, over a certain age, until the same animal gets into a half dozen classes, and secures prizes that have no earthly value, and the decision has taken lots of valuable time from the judges and tired the spectators.

There is a tremendous lot of improvement of this kind that could be done so easily.

My space will not permit me to even attempt to go over the awards critically. I have given most of the page to the discussion of what, after all, is the more important side of the show just now.

What we are after and what we need is the education of the people and the stockholders of the association up to an appreciation of the needs of sportsmen, and the opportunity this association has of supplying that need. Once we get the proper education and the proper awarding it will come fast enough.

The horse show part of the week has been an unqualified success, for the reason that all classes, with the single exception of the four-in-hands, show a much better average than last year, and this was particularly true in the high-stepper and general carriage-horses, and in the saddle and hunters.

For a country with the number of thoroughbreds we have the exhibition was miserable, the ribbon going to one far from our best. The exhibit of coaching stallions was poor—deficient in hock and knee action. Of course the display of hackneys was large, and the finest yet seen on this side.

There were some queer decisions in the hunter classes. In the ladies' qualified hunters up to 165 pounds, Countess, which is a clever jumper, but no animal for a woman to ride, got second prize, and in the men's class, Maud, the high-jumper, got second—a very rank decision, as Maud would be utterly unfit for the hunting-field.

The private hansom class showed a couple of suitable horses in Rough and Oshawa—Reed Boy being very stylish but too small—and several good traps.

The jumping brought out three very clever ones, Oxford, Jack High, and Julep, the latter winning the championship. The stars Ontario, Maud, Queensberry, and Transport each took a prize, but none fenced up to form.

The Galloways showed improvement upon last year, but the judges displayed the usual ignorance, awarding the prizes to saddle-cobs, and entirely ignoring the claims of the only two or three which properly belonged to the class. A Galloway is a miniature race-horse; if clean thoroughbred, so much the better. Mr. F. Gebhard's imp. Rosarium might have been first; Mrs. S. S. Howland's long, low, sporting-like Puck, second; with a possible third to Mr. Charles Pfizer's Joker; at any rate, they came a long way nearer deserving the ribbons than the delicate, narrow-chested, short-ribbed Clax.

Only two entries were made in the class for Arabs. Leopard, a typical specimen of the desert courser, exhibited by Mr. S. S. Howland; and Accionista, which, for inscrutable reasons, received the first prize. He does not possess one characteristic of the pure-bred Arab. Coarse and common in his head and neck, plain drooping quarters, tail set low and badly carried, high, heavy, flopping action—in fact, he looked and moved like a Belgian hearse-horse of a low order.

It would be a difficult matter to decide from the thirty-one horses entered for the blue ribbon in the ladies' saddle-horse class what, in the opinion of the public, constituted such an animal, for in the crowded ring side by side came the weed and weight carrier, the thick-shouldered little cob and the rakish-looking hunter, some with mouths but no manners, and others without either, good men finding they had their hands full with several of them. The first qualifications in a horse for a lady to ride must undoubtedly be mouth and manners, then comes a level head, with ease in every movement, graceful carriage, and to obtain this there must be plenty of breeding, which will give length and elasticity. Under no circumstances is a horse needing a martingale desirable for a woman. It looked as though the judges forgot the purpose for which the premium was offered, and turned out many that were better adapted for the purpose specified than those finally chosen. Mr. Eugene Higgins's Lauderdale was awarded first honors, but most decidedly he is not a typical ladies' saddle-horse. There were very few, if any, better horses in the show than this grand-made good mover, but on this occasion he was out of his class.

It is to be regretted that the land of the trotter could only furnish three sires with four of their get to compete for the $1000 first prize. Quartermaster had an uncommonly strong family backing, and was an easy first, thus reversing the decision of the previous day, when he succumbed to Chimes, who, in this class, could only get third place, the second going to Alcantara. This prize, with the $1000 carried off as champion in Class 3, and the second in Class 5, makes Quartermaster the champion of the show, as far as individual winnings can be counted.

The judges had a heavy contract on hand when the gates opened to admit thirty-four horses in harness competing in Class 43. Harry Hamlin's well-known mare Gladys retook second; she is a brilliant mover, but of the light order, especially in her loins and middle. Mr. Widener's chestnut mare imp. Dorothea well deserved the first prize. She is a long, low, free-moving mare, with good all-round action. The third fell to John Jamison's roan mare Flower of Denmark—an exceptionally neat-made one that should certainly have been second, and if gifted with a little more speed, might perhaps have had first.

With the exception of Fred Gebhard's Highness, the brougham horses were a poor lot, though broughams were all models.

The contest between two such well-known whips as Richard F. Carman and T. Suffern Tailer, "R.R.C." (whatever that means), for Dr. W. S. Tremaine's prize of $50 for the best tandem driver was watched with considerable interest, and though the R.R.C. had Jester, probably the most experienced leader in "single file" driving either in or out of a show ring in the city, he was so far behind in points that he could hardly be considered a rival to Mr. Carman, whose quick eye, cool head, good judgment, and light hands crowned him as an expert of the first order, and brought him in an easy winner.

For cabriolet and pair under sixteen hands, fifty per cent. to horses and fifty per cent. to carriage and appointments, some pretty turnouts with plenty of action were shown. Yet an inch and three-quarters is too much of a difference in a pair of shy fifteen-hand cobs, and for this reason alone Dr. Webb's representatives should have been disqualified, while the second and third awards might not unjustly have been transposed.

Pairs of mares and geldings before a brougham in Class 52 went easily to Mr. Fred Gebhard, who certainly can be complimented upon the excellency of all the carriages and "appointments" he sent to the show.

The prize of $500 for which hackney stallions, winners of a first at this or any other recognized show, were eligible, brought only four to the front—Bonfire, Berserker, Glendale, and Beau Lyons. After a long inspection of Glendale, the two former were chosen for final trial. Berserker is a brilliant mover, going with dash and courage, and carrying himself in proud and perfect style. Bonfire is a good goer, but does not perform with the resolution and boldness of the son of Matchless of Londesboro'. After a patient inspection and testing by points, Bonfire was declared champion.

Six only of the ten entries for the Coaching Club's prize for the best four-in-hand road team came to time; Eugene Higgins's was the only team that had not previously been in competition for other four-horse honors, and his four well-matched black-browns were much superior to those of his opponents, and richly deserved the cup.

A fairly good selection obeyed the bugler, and paraded round the ring for the prizes offered under Class 47—single carriage-horses. The correctness of the awards may justly be called in question, for there were many better goers, better-looking, and of more perfect conformation than Harry Hamlin's brown mare Queen, first. T. E. Gordon's Ted Castle, second, deserved first, but his owner is a dealer, and this may have something to do with it. He showed a grand type of carriage-horse, full of quality and real good points.

There was a merry lot of ponies under saddle, making a good show. The conclusions of the judges were difficult to understand, as many of the best lookers and performers failed to attract their attention; in their final decision they came to grief in bestowing first on Lady Derwent, a mare with the worst hind quarters in the whole lot, and in no way equal to many that were entirely overlooked.

In Park fours the competition was between Mr. Joseph E. Widener and Mr. T. Suffern Tailer. The latter was far outclassed by the Philadelphia representative with his well-matched imported chestnut mares. They all moved in good form, and if they had measured another inch would have been a model turnout. That Mr. Tailer should have his lazy-backs up was indeed astonishing for one who has had his experience.

A HORSE-SHOW TRAGEDY.

[In the Park Team Class (four-in-hand) there were only two entries—those of Mr. Jos. E. Widener, of Philadelphia, and Mr. T. Suffern Tailer, R.R.C., of New York. Appointments counted 50 per cent., and horses 50 per cent. The contest was very close, Mr. Tailer losing chiefly because "he had neglected to let down the lazy-backs, and because he had buckles on the cruppers."]

It was in the gorgeous Garden, and a nation's steeds were there—
There were steeds of finest mettle, there were steeds beyond compare;
There were hunters by the dozen, there were hackneys by the score;
And the Few were in the boxes and the Million had the floor.

All the interest of the ladies, all the ditto of the men,
It was centred not in hackneys, not in Shetland ponies then,
Not a hunter held the masses, but they every single one
Came to see T. Suffern triumph over Mr. Widener's son.

Oh, T. Suffern had a record—'twas a record fine to see;
He had driven Mr. Bennett in artistic old Paree
Seven times about the city, seven times about the town,
And he'd pulled the best of tooling forty-seven seconds down.

He was called the toolest tooler that had ever tooled a team,
And his title was the envy of all cabbies in the stream.*
He'd become the great authority on roadsters and on gaits,
For the *Fin de Siècle* monthly and the Sunday Syndicates.

He had taken highest honors at the University,
And was known to Equine scholars as a double R.R.C.
And a ringing shout of welcome came from many a thousand throat
When he stepped before the public in his long green driving coat.

For the other, he'd no record save in Philadelphia town;
He had never had the cables with *his* glory weighted down.
He had never tooled a party on the hard highroads of France—
Though, no doubt, he would have done it if he'd ever had the chance.

He was faithful and ambitious, and he'd practised on the ways
Of that quiet grass-grown city of the Pennsylvaniays;
And by wondrous assiduity—there is no doubt of it—
He had learned to tell the difference 'twixt a blinder and a bit.

There were those who would have backed him 'gainst the world both near and far
Had the contest been a road team 'gainst a Broadway cable-car,
But who dared not stake their money when the contest came to be
An Unknown from Philadelphia 'gainst a New York R.R.C.

All is silence in the boxes, all is silence on the floor,
Every eye is concentrated on the broad arena door;
Many hearts are throbbing madly, many hearts are faint with fear,
As the doughty Park-team drivers on the soft tan-bark appear.

How the fans do flirt and flutter as the R.R.C. drives by!
How the Quakers who've come over to the contest sit and sigh!
How the sympathetic smiles of all the Philadelphian greet
As he drives his chestnut horses, bred and broke on Chestnut Street!

Up and down the vast arena speed the champion and he
Who has dared to stand before him for a smiling world to see.
How the public nose is tilted at the Philadelphian's whim
In supposing for a moment that there's any chance for him!

How—but why that sudden groaning, why that awful burst of tears,
In the boxes? From the Million why that sudden burst of cheers?
Why that gasp from the Four Hundred? 'Tis a bitter, bitter cup,
But T. Suffern's rule's endangered. See! *His lazy-backs are up!*

What is worse—O dread unhappy thing! O moment fraught with rue!
Can the things our eyes do now behold be truly, truly true?
Can it be that on the harness of our famous champion
There are cruppers that have buckles—highly ornate buckles—on?

It is true! And Tailer sees it—but too late to take them off.
Hear the Philadelphian's cheering! Hear the horsy Briton scoff!
Every judge's brow is wrinkled, and their stony glares reveal
That Manhattan's cause is lost without a chance for an appeal.

And the news is flashed to Quakertown: "The victory is won.
Sound and crack again the old cracked bell for Mr. Widener's son.
Grant a pardon to the people who have dwelt below the line.
Let's know no north of Market Street, no south—let all combine.

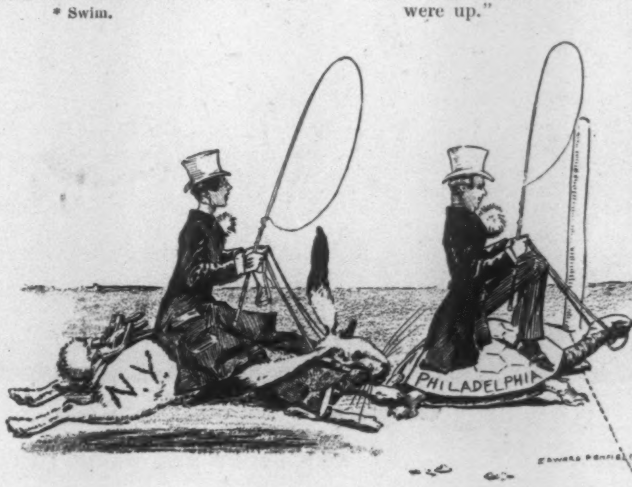
"Let us raise a noble statue to this fellow of renown,
And inscribe on it in golden script, 'His Lazy-backs were Down.'
Let the world bend low before him, and acclaim with mighty shout
Greatest honor to the youngster that has knocked an R.C. out.

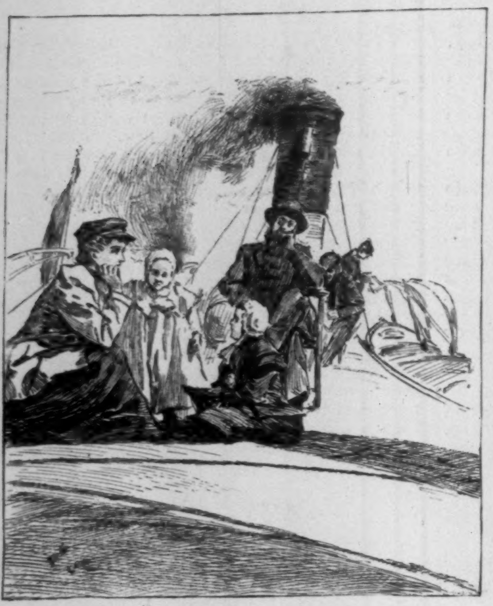
"Let us thank likewise the other, that defeated champion,
Who did much to help us on to this great triumph we have won
By forgetting when competing for the Silver Tooling Cup
That he'd buckles on his cruppers, and his lazy-backs were up."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

---

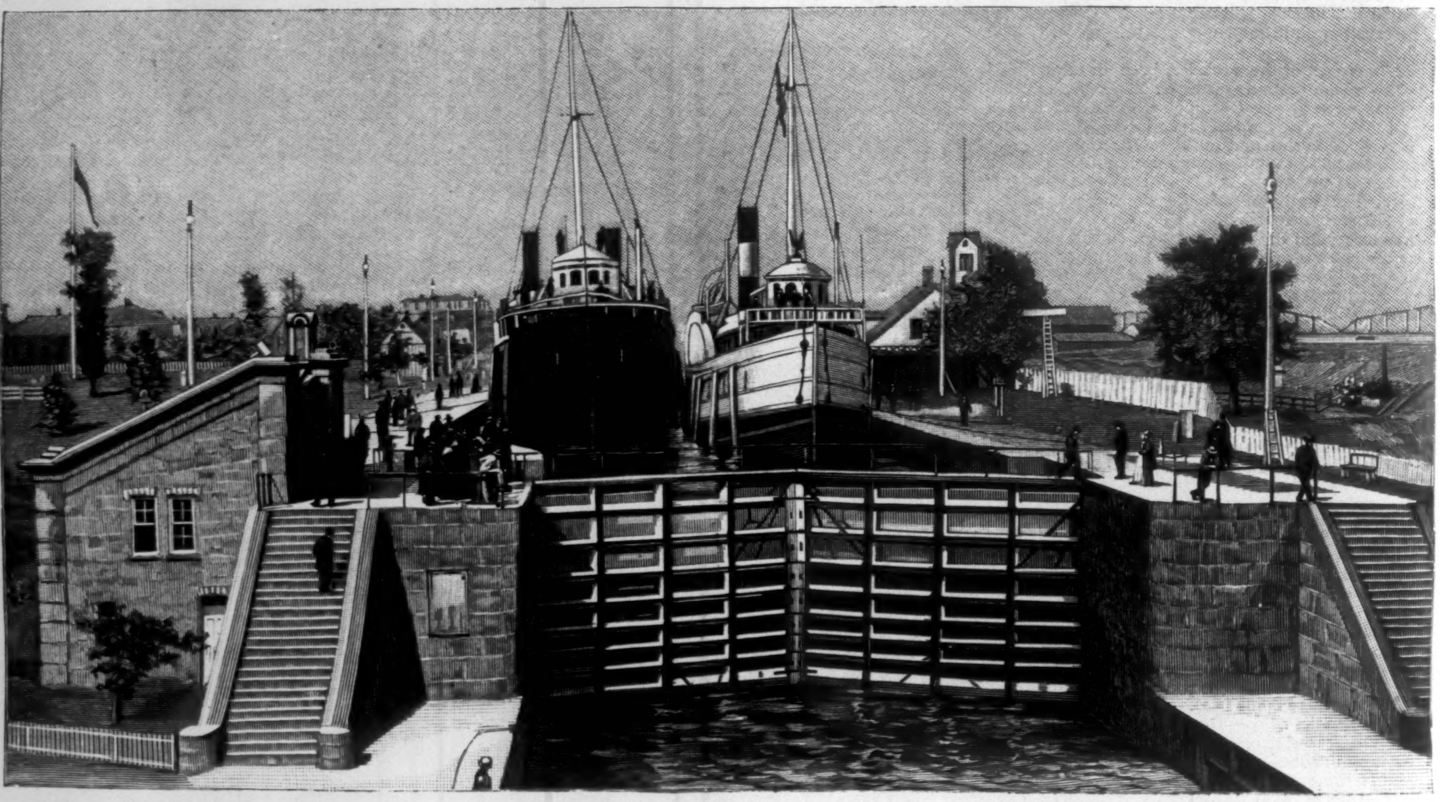
* Swim.





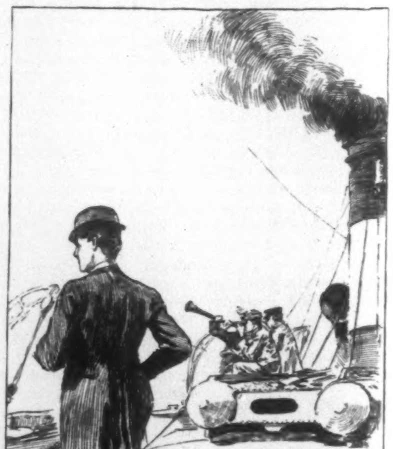
ON THE DECK OF A WHALEBACK.

A TYPICAL PASSENGER BOAT.



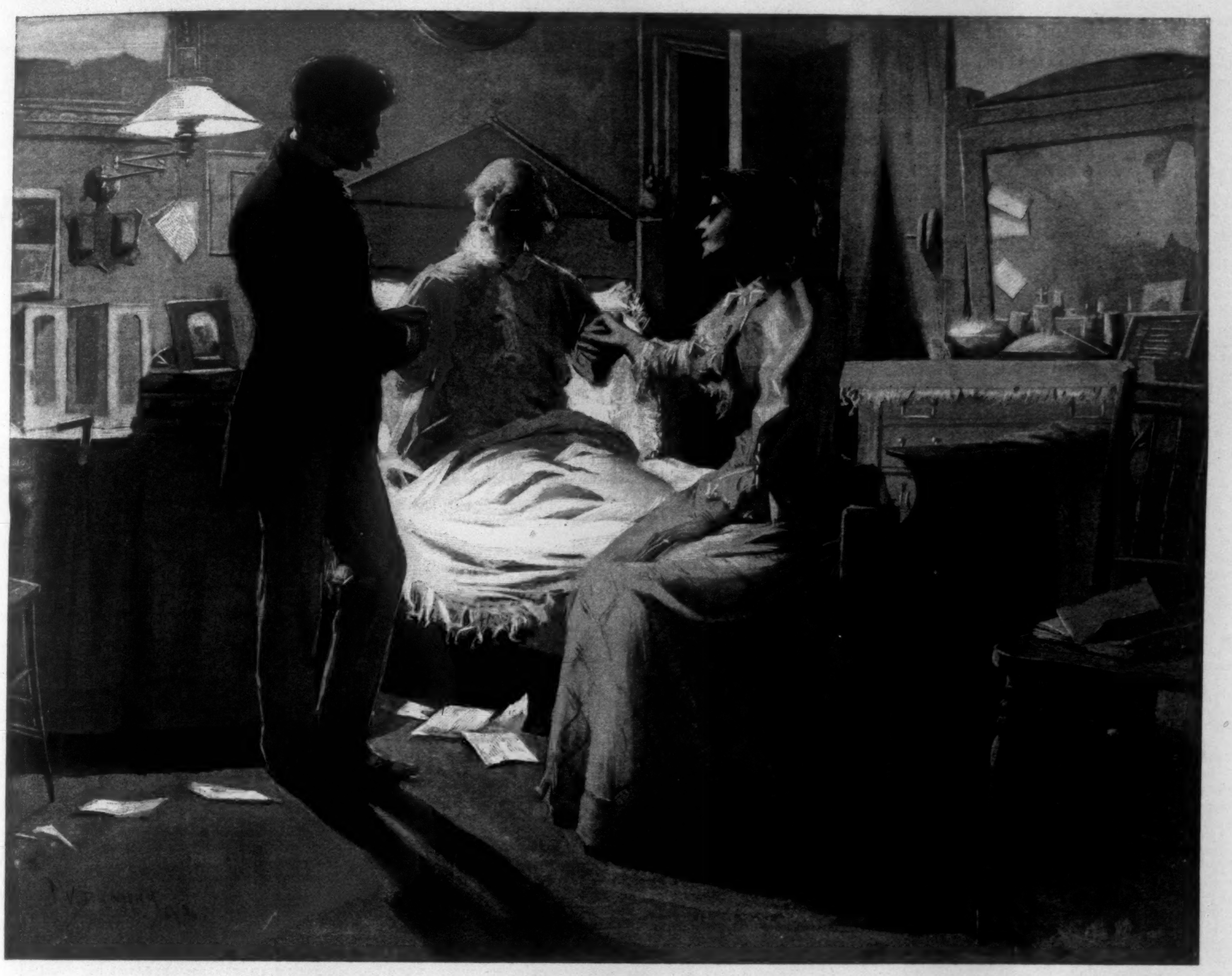
AT THE "SOO'S" GATEWAY.

WHALEBACKS IN THE CANAL.



SIGNALLING A PASSING BOAT.

THE SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.—[See Page 1150.]



A GENTLE CONSPIRACY.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE Professor had come to New York, accompanied by Patience. They had taken rooms within sight of the unfinished Washington Arch, and were experiencing the first discomforts of boarding. Boarding-houses are alike in the abstract, but individually each has its own separate discomfort. Boarding-houses are iconoclastic, favorable to the growth of pessimism and dark-eyed melancholy, and the two sojourners recognized the fact in a general way. Perhaps it would be better to say that they experienced the truth without being aware of the cause; but it was a case of necessity—at least so the Professor said. The work of his life was finished, and the *Truths of the Soul* was in manuscript. Ever since the Professor had left the chair of Speculative Theology in a fresh-water college he had been engaged upon the work. As the book had progressed, Patience had grown, and they were the only two things in the world that the Professor cared for. He drew a modest pension from the college, and upon it he had lived for eighteen years, sharing with his granddaughter. When the work was done, the Professor deemed it necessary to come to New York to find a publisher, and almost at the same time he realized that Patience had reached womanhood. This latter fact worried him somewhat. He had not thought over the matter at all, or anticipated it. It was, however, exceedingly fortunate that Patience had grown. Had it not been for the girl's careful management of the household the, Professor might never have been able to exchange the little village in the upper part of the State for the metropolis—but *Truths of the Soul* were altogether too absorbing to admit of any mundane facts. The turning-point had been reached, however, and the Professor said to himself that henceforth his life might be given up to Patience, provided his book aroused no controversies in which he would be obliged to enter. That the book would create a stir, the good old Professor had no doubt, and he felt that the goal of his ambition was near at hand.

His one available friend in New York was Frank Gilbert, a successful young artist whom he had entertained at moderate rates the summer previous. The disinterestedness of the artist's friendship might be open to question, but such an idea never entered into the Professor's mind, and Patience seemed unconscious of it. Gilbert had secured the boarding-place, and met them at the Grand Central Depot. He had placed them in a cab, had seen the cabman duly paid, and attended to the forwarding of the two trunks that made up their modest possessions. He even broke an engagement to call the first night, only to find that the two had sought their rooms before eight o'clock. The next day the young man repeated his visit, and saw both Patience and her grandfather. To the latter he gave much information on the subject of publishers, and addressed half a dozen cards of introduction to the men he knew and had worked for. Gilbert felt a little doubtful regarding the success of the Professor with these particular publishers, for the majority of their books did not seem to harmonize with the *Truths of the Soul*, but he was going to leave no stone unturned. As he explained to the Professor, an outsider knows no more about the publishing business than a cat knows about the science of color. The young man seemed so intensely interested in the subject of the book and its publication that Patience was particularly pleased, and the Professor threw off the cloak of boarding-house gloom that had already enveloped his mind.

When the future of the book had been discussed in the most optimistic spirit, the only question being, apparently, which house should lend its imprint to and share the success of the great work, Gilbert turned to more congenial subjects. He told of what was going on in music, who had painted the best pictures at the exhibition, what plays had scored the greatest success of the season, until Patience grew bright at the stories of the world just about them. Then he discussed the Washington Arch, and told of its origin, pointing out the place he had sat that pleasant April day beneath the shadow of the original arch of wood, and had watched the army of citizen soldiers until his eyes were weary with the display. In fact, the young man played his cards extremely well, and ended his visit by asking Patience to accompany him to the opera on the afternoon of the morrow. The Professor was too busy with his work to appreciate anything or anybody but book stores and publishers, and as he promised to be hunting the latter, Patience accepted the invitation.

Gilbert went back to his studio, and settled himself in his easy-chair without any thought of work. A half-finished sketch in oils hung on the easel before him, and he surveyed it dreamily. The canvas was unmounted, and the four corners curled up unevenly, hiding part of a spray of apple blossoms that served as a slight background, and making an irregular octagon about the face in the centre. It was the face of a young girl, and the artist had caught all the innocence of youth that looked out from a pair of solemn blue eyes—too solemn they seemed for one so young. The throat was but half painted, and the dark hair was indistinct, merging into the gray of the canvas. Frank Gilbert puffed slowly on his well-beloved brier as he cocked his head first to one side and then the other, squinting terribly all the time. Then he looked up towards the ceiling, and breathed forth a column of smoke with a half-sigh. "Poor little thing!" he said, half aloud; "it'll be horribly stupid for her." His eyes then wandered slowly about the room, as if taking a mental inventory of the contents. There was a perfect armory above the fireplace—all sorts of diabolical instruments of war hung in artistic confusion; and in one corner rested several musical instruments that originally belonged to the stringed order, but which now were deprived for the most part of that necessary adjunct. In the other corners, and littered generally about the room, were costumes, and curious bits of furniture, together with all sorts of odds and ends that an artist loves to collect, and fails to care for when he owns. Gilbert took all his properties in with a glance, and then returned to the contemplation of the sketch.

"I wonder what she'll say when she sees it?" he remarked to himself. "Perhaps she will consent to sit, and then the Academy will be so much the richer." He was silent for a few minutes, and then added, with emphasis: "She's a mighty fine girl, and I'm sorry for her with that prosy old Professor. I reckon I know her well enough to escort her around—or will before long." And Gilbert laughed a light, most peculiar little laugh, as though pleased with some idea that had just come.

The Professor started out the next morning with the manuscript of his beloved book, and had not returned when Gilbert called at one o'clock.

"I have not the slightest idea of an opera," laughed Patience, as they walked towards Broadway to take a car. "I only know a very little music, and none of the *Meistersinger*."

"It is extremely beautiful," commented Gilbert, secretly envying the delight of the girl, and the pleasure she would feel at witnessing her first grand opera. He was proud to be with her, too, for though she dressed plainly, it was all in perfect taste, and her face was animated and beautiful. As they rode up the busy thoroughfare, Gilbert told her so much that she confessed to him that it was probably homesickness that had made her feel so gloomy the night before; and though Gilbert agreed with her in words, he felt that the boarding-house melancholy had already cast its blight, and that upon him rested her only hope to brighten her life—and this thought pleased him.

Throughout the magnificent overture Patience sat like one enthralled, and when the curtain rose upon St. Katherine's Church and the organ pealed forth, she gave a gasp of wonder. It was so beautiful and so strange! Gilbert himself was infected with her happiness. Herr Fischer as Hans Sachs seemed never so strong. The young knight who struggled for the prize was perfect. All the life of quaint old Nuremberg of the sixteenth century seemed real, and Gilbert forgot that the shoemaker's house was impossibly small and the street out of artistic proportion. He forgot all this, and shared the delight of the girl with him. Between the acts she said very little, and when the curtain fell on the final scene, she seemed loath to depart.

"A veritable fairyland," laughed Gilbert, somewhat embarrassed by her silence.

She turned towards him quickly, as though struck by a sudden thought. "No," she answered; "it seemed real to me—beautifully, solemnly real." When they reached the street, she turned to him again. "You must be very happy in your art. I never knew before to-day what art was; and it seems so wonderful, I—I am almost afraid." And she ended with a nervous little laugh.

"You must let me be your guide," remarked Gilbert, not knowing what else to say. He did most of the talking all the way down, but neither he nor Patience could remember what had been the topic.

The Professor was in his room when Patience sought him. He seemed tired and decidedly low in spirit, and his granddaughter was touched.

"Any success, grandpa?" she asked, softly, bending and kissing him.

"No," he answered, slowly, with an evident attempt at hopefulness. "There seems to be little demand for books like mine; but I probably saw the wrong people."

"Of course!" replied Patience, with conviction. "The right ones will be sure to publish it. There was never anything like it, and some people are awfully conservative, just because they don't know."

And then they drifted into a quiet little chat about the book, covering ground that they had been over often and often before. The cheerful tone of the girl put despondency to momentary flight, and the Professor grew elated over the prospect. After all, it was only an extension of anticipation; the day of realization was sure to come.

The Professor went forth the next week full of hope, carrying the precious manuscript of his book with him, while Patience remained within the house, recalling every moment of the opera. She lived in a grand dream, until her father returned in the evening, tired and fretful, and she then diverted her attention to him. A sturdy little champion was she, brimming with life and hope. Disappointment to her was negative, for all things, to her thinking, were finally attained. Her creed was decidedly optimistic, and her horizon was rosy with hope, although dark clouds were overhead. She was never reasonable, but it was probably better so. Several days went by, and Gilbert called while the old man was absent. Patience had remained within-doors, and the artist saw that she was tired and pale, though she confessed to no weariness.

"I want you to come up to the Water-Color Exhibition," the young man said, as she grew red beneath his earnest gaze and sympathetic inquiries.

She was glad to go, and in a few minutes they were walking up the avenue.

"How's the book?" asked Gilbert, not feeling any particular interest in its fate.

Patience shook her head. "Poor grandpa!" she said. "He's nearly discouraged. He has seen dozens of men, but they have all declined even to read it. They say there's no money in such works. The idea of money!" she added, with fine scorn. "As if that was everything, or, in fact, had anything to do with *Truths of the Soul!*"

"Er—yes," suggested Gilbert, mildly; "but publishers, you know, have to consider the financial question. You see, it's a matter of business."

"I suppose so," retorted Patience, with some warmth. "They don't go into it for the fun of the thing; but they might remember that grandpa has spent years in writing it. It's awfully discouraging."

"Yes," assented Gilbert; "but undoubtedly he will have his reward."

"That's what I say," cried Patience, joyfully; "but, you know, he's old, and wants to see the book published at once."

Gilbert regretted that he had started the subject, and felt that he had said all there was to say regarding it. He knew what rough corners the world had, and that the road to ambition was full of stone walls that were set up to impede progress, and he knew he couldn't do anything anyway, so he safely mentioned the opera. Thereupon Patience took the cue, and went into ecstasies over it, and talked about it until the doors of the exhibition were reached.

The rooms filled with paintings startled her, and she scarcely knew where to begin; but Gilbert took her in hand, and brought forth a catalogue.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she whispered. "So quiet and restful."

She felt the same awe that she had experienced at the opera; but Gilbert, though thoroughly artistic, had no such feeling. There were but a few people in the rooms, and when he spoke, it was above a whisper. He gave sundry little bits regarding the various artists, their methods and fancies, and somehow it jarred upon Patience. Criticism spoiled her enjoyment.

"What do you think of this?" remarked Gilbert, stopping before a painting entitled "Spring." There were several maidens romping in a meadow, and the effect was beautiful to Patience. "Danvers did this. He's a pretty good draughtsman, but as giddy as a butterfly. He's forever finding new models, and exulting over them until the next one comes along. That's why his figures lack character. He's too cosmopolitan. He—"

"Please don't," whispered Patience, looking at him so solemnly that he smiled and stopped short. Suddenly the girl gave a subdued cry.

"You did this," she said, turning to Gilbert—"you did this."

He nodded in reply. It was a single figure of a girl in Puritan dress, and though not a portrait or intended for one, suggested Patience, while in the background stood the little cottage where the girl had lived. She recognized it in a moment, and turned to the catalogue: "667—'A Vanished Day'—Frank J. Gilbert," was all it said; for there was no price given. Patience did not recognize the suggestion of herself, but was lost in contemplation, while Gilbert was a little nervous to know what she would say.

Suddenly she turned. "'A Vanished Day,'" she repeated, softly, and Gilbert saw that tears were in her eyes. "It is wonderful. I cannot say anything, Mr. Gilbert, but I wish that you could know how I feel." Her eyes sought the picture again. "It is beautiful," she murmured, "and *you* did it."

An ancient dowager with a girl in tow heard the remark, and pressed up closer to see the picture, and then turning, adjusted her lorgnette and stared a moment at Patience and Gilbert. The girl flushed under the scrutiny, but Gilbert was not at all disconcerted, and knew what she was saying when the dowager whispered to her companion and then glanced at the picture and back to Patience.

Then Patience spoke. "If you won't mind," she said, turning away from the picture, "we will go now. I have no interest in the others. It was very good of you," she continued, softly, as they went down stairs—"very good. It is wonderful to be able to paint like that;" and there was something so reverential in her tone that Gilbert wished he might do something to prove himself an ordinary mortal. He thought himself blushing, and actually grew uncomfortable.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Patience, when the street was gained.

"I shall keep it," said Gilbert, "unless," he added, with a smile, "you will accept it."

Patience shook her head. "That would not do," she answered, and then Gilbert felt as though he had proved himself altogether too ordinary a mortal.

"Good-by," said Patience, as they reached the door of her abiding-place; "come soon again. I can never forget that picture, and it was so good of you to offer it to me. Don't think me ungrateful."

"It's yours," said Gilbert, as he walked away and communed with himself. "So am I. Will she refuse me as she did the picture? Confound it, I'm no demi-god! Perfection and art are not allied, not by a—a—" and he forgot to finish the sentence, as he drew forth a cigar, wondering if she would object to smoke. She had made no objection in the country, but now it was different.

The Professor met Patience in the hall as she entered. He led her into the room, and closed the door with caution. There was a brightness in his eye that told of success, and Patience beamed accordingly.

"At the very last place on my list," began the Professor, in a solemn tone, "they told me to leave the manuscript with them to consider." The load settled again on Patience's heart. "They will let me know in a few days," continued the old man, "and then, my little girl—" Here he leaned over and kissed her affectionately. There was no doubt in the Professor's mind but that his book would be accepted. No other publisher had offered even to read it. "The very last place," said the Professor again. "One of the oldest houses in the country."

"I'm so glad," responded Patience—"so glad."

"I thought you would be," answered her grandfather, fondly. "It means a great deal."

"And you think they'll—they'll be sure to—"

"To publish it?" interrupted the Professor, hastily. "Why, of course. Nobody else would read it, and it has to be read to be appreciated."

Patience kept all further doubts to herself, but she was far from being convinced in her own mind. "I've had such a delightful time at the Art Exhibition," she said. "Mr. Gilbert has painted such a beautiful picture of the old house."

"Well," replied the Professor, dryly, as though the subject were unworthy of thought at the moment, "his introductions were of very little use."

"Yes," answered Patience, stopping a moment at the door of her room, "but, then, he did the best he could."

To Patience the succeeding days were haunted by the shadow of uncertainty. She hoped, and prayed as well, that her grandfather's quest for a publisher had ended, but she felt that he was altogether too sanguine. The old man took her out every day, and was in the gayest of moods. He accompanied her to service at Grace Church, and told her of old New York. He took her down town, and lost himself two or three times in his anxiety to show her everything.

"For, you know," he answered one day when Patience protested against him tiring himself by these excursions, "that it may take a long time to revise the *Truths* when it gets in type, and I want you to have something to think about."

Patience smiled. She did not tell him of that new world of music and art, the recollections of which drove all other thoughts away. The busy world that surged about the lower part of the city did not appeal to her. It seemed so merciless, so selfish. What chance had she and her old grandfather in a battle with such odds? It made her recognize her helplessness, and forced the unpleasant conviction upon her mind that the silence of the publishers was not as reassuring as it might be. Gilbert called as often as he could with propriety. If she was out, he came again the next day, and if he saw her, he allowed a couple of days to elapse. She enjoyed these calls, during which they went for a walk, but she would not go to the opera again or accept any of his invitations.

"Grandpa needs me," she would say; and though the excuse seemed insufficient to the young man, he did not press the point. So he continued to call, and each time grew more absorbed in the girl, and almost unconsciously they came to have things in common. Gilbert was full of tact and sympathy, and the girl recognized this, and enjoyed questioning him and listening to what he said. Three weeks went swiftly by, and during that time the artist had become a portion of Patience's life and thought, and she was blind to the inevitable and happy in the present, except when she sighed at her grandfather's lightness of heart. But never by a word did she destroy the fool's paradise in which the old man lived, although she communicated her doubts to Gilbert, who was very non-committal.

One evening as Patience and her grandfather sat and talked in his room a parcel was brought up. It bore the mark of the publishing firm, and the old man took it with trembling hands.

"Here we are," he cried, after having bowed the maid out; "probably all the printed sheets at once. My! my!" he added, in mock grief, as his fingers fumbled with the string, "weeks of labor ahead of me."

Patience drew nearer to him, but the light had gone out of her eyes and her heart throbbed painfully. She was armed against disappointment. Finally the Professor untied the string and opened the wrapper. Inside was the manuscript of *Truths of the Soul*, and on the top lay a letter. Patience gave a gasp, but the old man grew fairly rigid as he picked up the note.

"Dear Sir" (it read)—"We regret to say that we are unable to undertake the publishing of your interesting work, *Truths of the Soul*. We—"

The Professor read no further. His face grew livid. The paradise of the past few weeks had faded. The dread reality seemed too much. Patience was about to go to his side, when her grandfather rose from his chair. His eyes were wild, his mouth closed in wild bitter despair. He held the bundle of precious manuscript aloft, and with all his force dashed it to the ground.

"D—— it!" he cried.

Patience started at the word. Never had the mild old man used such an exclamation before. Her face crimsoned with horror and mortification, while bitter tears filled her eyes. She knelt on the floor to gather up the scattered pages and to hide her face from her grandfather. It seemed as though all her life had been crushed by that awful exhibition of anger and terrible word. She proceeded slowly with her task, never once looking up, while her grandfather was silent. When all the leaves had been gathered together again, she turned a reproachful glance toward the old man. He was seated in the chair, his elbows resting on the arms, while his body swayed to and fro. His face was distorted and his eyes blinking as he sought to speak, but his jaws were fixed and powerless. Patience gave a wild cry. To her it seemed a sudden visitation from God to punish him for his wickedness. She flew to his side, and then ran from the room, calling for help.

Melancholy does not kill pity, and the boarders came to his aid. The old man was lifted on to the bed, and a doctor soon appeared in answer to the thoughtful summons of the landlady.

"Humph!" remarked the doctor, after he had made an examination; "a stroke of paralysis. He must have been unduly excited."

Patience nodded—she could not trust herself to speak.

The doctor bent over the stiff figure for a moment. "I guess we can get him through all right," he announced, preparing some remedies.

All night Patience sat at the bedside of her grandfather. He had revived under the doctor's care, and was asleep. The manuscript of the book, that had fallen from Patience's hand, was now scattered all over the room, bearing the footmarks of those who had gathered there. Not until nearly morning did Patience pick them up. She saw the expression of divine wrath in her grandfather's attack, a quick judgment upon profanity. It was so horrible—like a living nightmare to her—and she prayed unceasingly throughout the long dreary night. Early in the morning the good-natured landlady entered and compelled her to take some rest, while she promised to watch at the bedside.

Tired out, body and soul, Patience fell asleep, and when she waked it was nearly noon. She hurried into her grandfather's room, and started as she saw Gilbert seated there, while her grandfather still slept. The young man put his fingers to his lips and stepped out into the hall, beckoning to the girl.

"The doctor has been here," said Gilbert, as he softly closed the door, "and sees a change for the better. The medicine is inside, with directions to give him when he wakes."

"But how came you here?" stammered Patience, realizing suddenly that her hair was disordered, and that no care had been bestowed upon herself.

"I claimed the privilege of an old friend," he said, gravely, "and I will return to-night, and watch while you sleep."

"Oh no," answered Patience, hurriedly.

"And why not?" asked Gilbert. "You must sleep. Will you get a professional nurse instead?"

Patience thought over their depleted finances, but gave no answer.

"That's all right," at last said Gilbert, firmly; "I will come. Don't worry now, for the doctor says he will be better;" and without waiting for any remarks, Gilbert took his hat and coat and went out, interviewing the landlady on the way.

"It's nice to have such a good friend," remarked that personage as Gilbert went away, "and Miss Lester needn't be unhappy."

Gilbert returned that night, bringing with him some flowers. "You need something to cheer you up," he said, as he gave them into Patience's hand, and she smiled sadly.

"Poor grandpa!" she answered, irrelevantly; "he is conscious now, but cannot speak. The doctor doesn't approve of your watching, for it might worry him, and it would be impossible to explain matters to him."

Gilbert nodded. "Was the attack sudden?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Patience, her face crimsoning at the thought, "his book came back, and he was awfully disappointed; and—and it was very sudden."

"Poor little girl!" said Gilbert, softly.

"Don't think that I'm not grateful," returned Patience, "but you know how sick people are. I can never forget your kindness in offering to be nurse, but he needs me."

"I understand," Gilbert said, taking her hand in his, "and I want you to promise to send for me if you need anything."

"I will," answered Patience. "You are the only friend I—we have, though everybody has been so kind and good. But we know you," she added.

"Well, good-by," returned Gilbert, suddenly breaking the silence that had fallen upon them; "I'll be around to-morrow."

That night as the girl stole to her grandfather's bedside, he opened his eyes, and murmured, "My book."

"Yes, yes, grandpa," came the whispered assurance. "That's all right;" and the old man closed his eyes again.

By morning the patient was able to articulate, with difficulty, and when the doctor called, he found the old man in a nervous state. "I have given him some quieting mixture," remarked the doctor as he stood in the hall with Patience, "but he seems dreadfully worried over some book. He must be kept as quiet as possible."

Gilbert came in almost immediately after, having met and spoken with the doctor in the street. "He must be gratified," said Gilbert, after the greetings were over and the old man's words had been repeated.

"Yes," answered the girl, patiently and absently. "I wish he could; it would help him."

"What's your middle name?" demanded Gilbert.

Patience looked surprised, but answered, "Warren."

"Patience Warren Lester," repeated Gilbert; "a pretty name. Mine's not beautiful—my middle name; it's Jenkins. Now I'll tell why I asked. We must form a partnership—a nominal one—Warren & Jenkins, publishers. We must get that book in type, and let your grandfather correct the proofs; then he'll be better."

Gilbert did not say that the doctor had shook his head gravely and said "that it was only a question of time, but that if the old gentleman didn't worry he might linger some months."

"But the money?" gasped Patience, when Gilbert had unfolded his scheme.

"Oh, that's all right," returned Gilbert, with a careless air; "it's only a little, and it must be done for the sake of your grandfather."

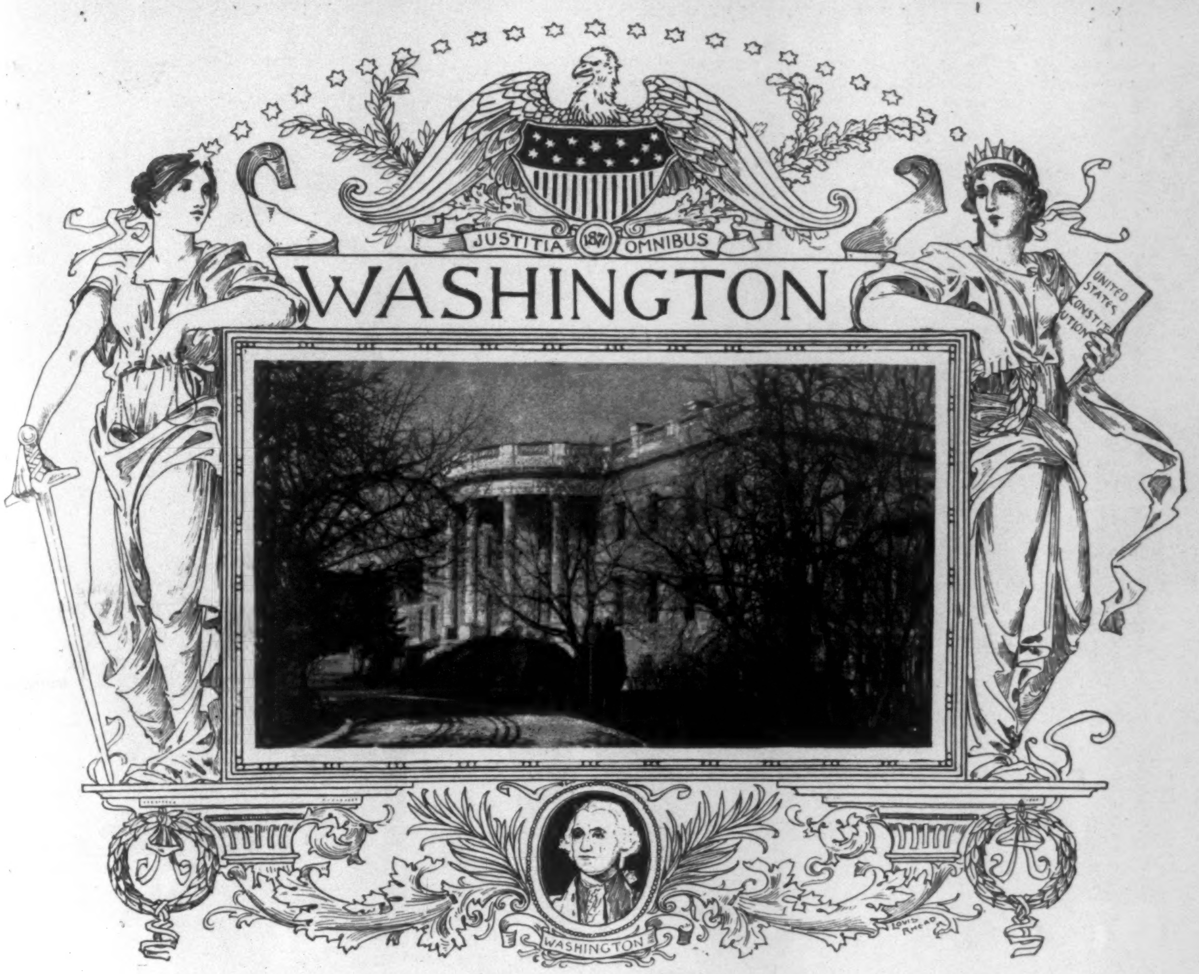
"But," objected Patience, "it doesn't seem—"

"Pooh!" interrupted Gilbert, "it's an investment; you can always make money on a good book." A truism, by the way, that publishers will not dispute.

"Well," said Patience, convinced, "it might do." A sudden light broke over her, and she caught Gilbert's hand. "It is so good in you," she said, "so thoughtful, that I can't thank you."

"Don't," laughed Gilbert. "Get me the book, and the firm will get to work at once. You might tell your grandfather that a publisher has been found. If he says that he doesn't

(*Continued on page 1146.*)



WASHINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. S. REINHART.

WASHINGTON may not be a great city, but it is assuredly a great capital. Above all else, it is a city of men and women; no longer a city of magnificent distances, it was never a city of great buildings. Only the long, white, dome-crowned Capitol, standing far up above the clustering houses that timidly approach the edge of the green-embowered hill that sweeps down from the great marble stairway, with all its architectural vices and its incongruities of material, and the simple dignified White House are the public buildings worthy of a pilgrimage to the shrine of the republic's power.

This stately Capitol, a shining pile, stands almost alone. The pretentious dwellings of the rich and great crowd about the residence of the President, while the smaller and meaner shops and houses of the town approach the place where law is made, as the children and ignorant and poor of the multitude venture nearer than the knowing ones to a power that is in any degree mysterious.

The charms of the city unfold themselves slowly to those who surrender to its influences, for they are the charms of the never-ending varieties of human nature, of the men and women who go to Washington or who dwell there. But there must be surrender. The man who rushes to the transaction of business with the government, and who vibrates between a stuffy room in a hotel to the public offices, wearing out his nerves, and scouring his kindly disposition in combating official indifference and laziness, will never love Washington. He will detest it with the bitter loathing of one who has been foiled. He will tell of dyspepsia, of insolence, of inadequate ventilation, of rude men and disagreeable women. The smoothness of the asphalt will vanish from his memory, and there will remain only the recollection of an unpleasant smell. The soft air and the golden sunshine will mean nothing to him, for he will bury the enchantments of the Southern climate in what seems to him its intolerable heat.

Time was when the stranger in Washington could see only the very worst of its many-sided life, for then there were no hotels that were not the temporary abodes of the vulgar hordes of grasping men whose patriotism is never thrilled into sentiency except by money favors begged, bought, or wrested from government. Around the places where these creatures congregate, sober gentlemen and gentlewomen breathe an atmosphere that shocks their sensibilities and wounds their pride of country. It is no wonder that Washington once bore a reputation that was anything but good, when there was no inspiration to patriotism in a visit to the habitat to which the nation condemned its statesmen.

But a change has come over the capital, and one may go there a stranger, and even on business, and may live in quiet, even in luxury, and may escape everything that is offensive, except the exasperating obstacles to the speedy accomplishment of his purpose. The straggling village whose magnificent distances were the bare and unsightly spaces between the buildings, mostly mean, whose hostelries were country inns, whose cooks stewed terrapin and roasted canvas-back ducks to perfection, but who fried beefsteaks—this long, unkempt village, with its muddy roads, undrained swamps, and open sewer, has grown into a city, some of which is beautiful, and all of which takes hold of the heart of one who yields to its languid charms and to its almost inexplicable interests.

Why is Washington so lovely? Why does the memory of its pleasant places haunt one who has dwelt among them, and who has drained its joys? It is not really beautiful. There is not a single street within its borders that is not disfigured by uncouth architecture or squalor or some roughness that is wellnigh repulsive. You may see—not so much now as you might have seen ten years ago, but you may still see the whitewashed shed of a negro leaning trustfully against the ambitious wall of a large family mansion that may possibly be leased to a cabinet officer for an annual rental that is greater than his salary.

In the more fashionable, as in the less pretentious, parts of the city there are reminiscences of the great levelling and grading which bred a saturnalia of municipal vice. You may see on one side of the street the high clay cliff crowned with the huddling huts of the poorest, and on the other what is known to city folk as the "march of improvement," meaning the gradual uprearing of blocks of houses of more or less uniform ugliness.

In one long avenue, that which is named from the State of Connecticut, there is a brief epitome of the outward semblance of Washington. This avenue is referred to usually as the fashionable promenade—although the fashionable people of the town do never promenade—and it owes that distinction to the fact that it is the diagonal street that cuts the fashionable northwest quarter of the town. Whatever there is of gay equipage or gay attire in the capital is to be met here, but what a travesty is the street itself on the glories of fashion!

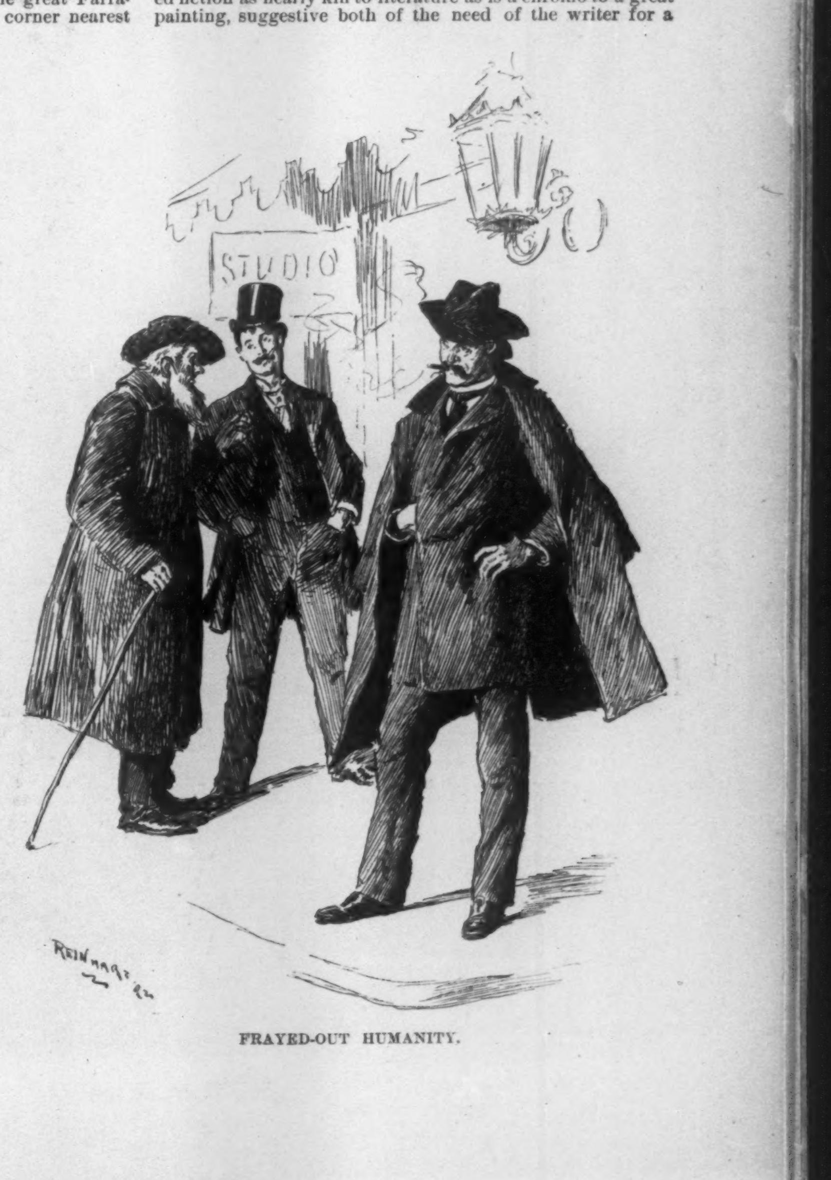
It struts out bravely enough, as to one side of it, from a charming little green shrub-crowded square, which, however, is defaced by an awkward effigy of the great Farragut. On its proud and haughty side, at the corner nearest the little shrubbery, which is musical all day with the voices of children, too innocent as yet to be oppressed by the bronze image that looks down upon them, stands the big yellowish-green stone house built by "Boss" Shepard, once occupied by the Chinese legation, and now for many years the home of M. de Struve, the genial, kindly minister from Russia. It is an ugly house; but there is nothing to say against it from the point of view of fashion, for it looks as though a rich man built it, and as if it were only a rich man who could pay the rent. On the other side is a little shop or two. Behind the big pile stretches a row of houses long known as "Diplomatic Row"—houses that have cheapness written all over them. They have been inhabited by the small powers that send their representatives to the great republic. One of them is, or has been, a boarding-house; one of them is a lodging-house kept by a most worthy ex-coachman of a great philanthropist, who, dying, manifested his good-will for his faithful servant by bequeathing him this property. Across the way there is a high board fence covered with the artistic show-bills of theatrical companies—show-bills that shift and vary in the darkness of every Saturday night; for Washington, although the capital of a nation of people who love the theatre, is, in the slang of the profession, only "a one-week stand." Not long ago this fence extended well up the block, but now a few one-storied shops of a kind characteristic of other watering places have replaced part of it. And this board fence hid buried hopes and blasted ambitions and wasted dollars; for, if it had been pulled down, there would have been revealed the time-stained foundations of a projected Casino, the perspective view of which painted in alluring colors once persuaded capitalists, large and small, to invest their money in the stock of the corporation that was to draw dividends from the gayety of nations. Then, again, on the quality side of the street, is a great staring red-brick Roman Catholic academy, and on the other side a modest brick church of the negro Methodists, out of whose opened windows on warm Sunday evenings issue the stentorian tones of religious song and sermon. Beyond the great red academy are more cheap houses, that are nevertheless in the first society of the capital, and next to the little negro church are shops and dwellings that are meaner far than the meanest of their opposite neighbors. And this goes on until the avenue reaches and crosses the street that at its start was a block away from it, and there manifold riches begin to assert themselves. Chief among the substantial dwellings, and at the head of the line on what thus far has been the poor and needy side of this strange promenade for fashion, stands the home of the British legation, built and owned by the Empire of Great Britain—solid, expensive, and repulsive.

And yet there is no true Washingtonian who does not love to tread these pavements, and to saunter slowly by these houses, worthy and unworthy of the pretensions that are made in behalf of the uncomely street; for he breathes here the atmosphere of the capital, and meets the men and women who fill his daily life with the spirit of friendliness—the men and women whom he loves and likes. And here is the secret of the city's charm, this constant meeting of friends between whom intercourse is almost wholly social.

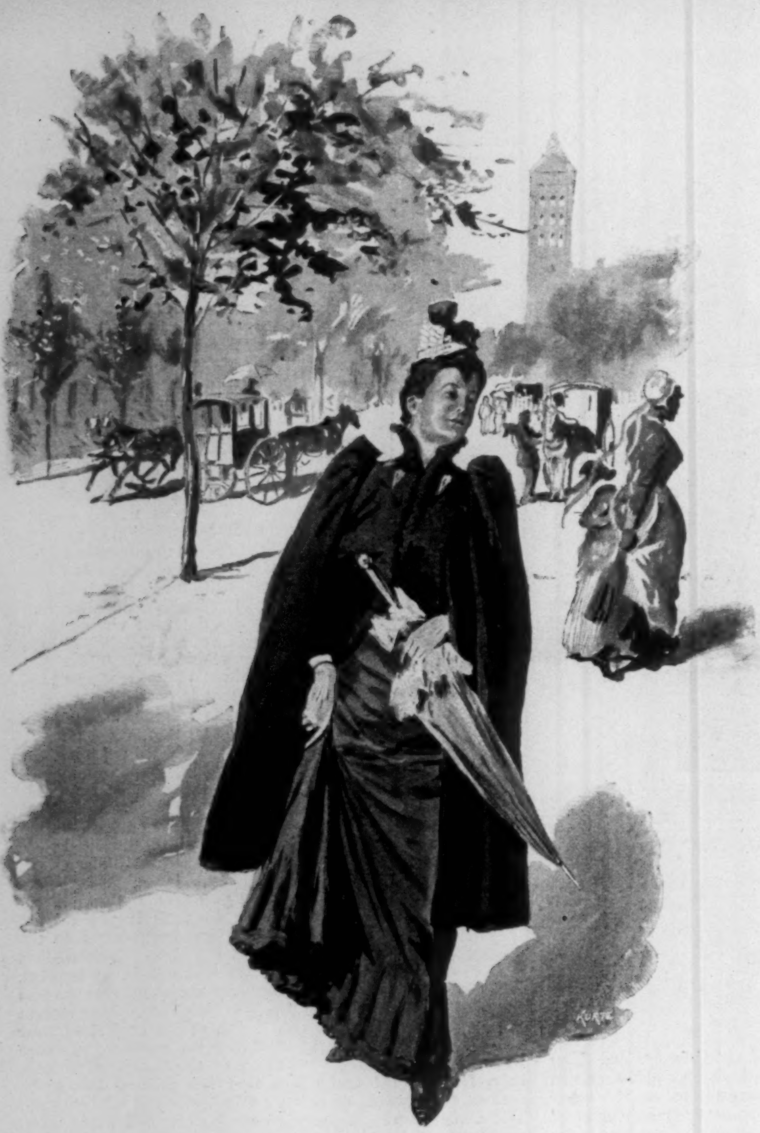
Washington, with the exception of a dozen or so beautiful specimens of domestic architecture, some of them the creations of Richardson, is given over to much that is bad in house-building, yet possessing the attraction of individuality. Of domestic virtues there is any quantity, while of social delights there is an overflowing abundance. There has been so much written of the capital of the country, so much that is contradictory, and so much more that is in direct antagonism to what I shall write, that a good many worthy people who have been enjoying the outpourings of the literary purlieus may possibly be surprised at the absence from this paper of all hortatory, admonitory, and objugatory warning, wailing, and lamentation concerning the large sins and the small vices of the country's politics and politicians.

There is vice in Washington. Where does it not exist? But you need not find it and roll your mind in its mud if you do not choose to. If you are inquiring into the capacity of a great city, into the delights it has for those who dwell within its borders, you do not take your moral microscope and go peering through the slums. You cannot learn the true worth of the capital of your country by studying the manners of those who frequent the most populous of the hotels. The man in a frayed coat and a hat that has rubbed too much against the corners of shifty adversity is not Washington. The Congressman, happily growing more and more infrequent, who sells himself for money, or who besots himself with the dissipations of the town, is not all there is in American public life. The girl of nauseous fiction who gives her honor for a place in a department is so far from typifying the public service that you may live for years on familiar terms with the departments and never meet her nor even hear of her. Vice is in the minority everywhere, and in Washington as elsewhere.

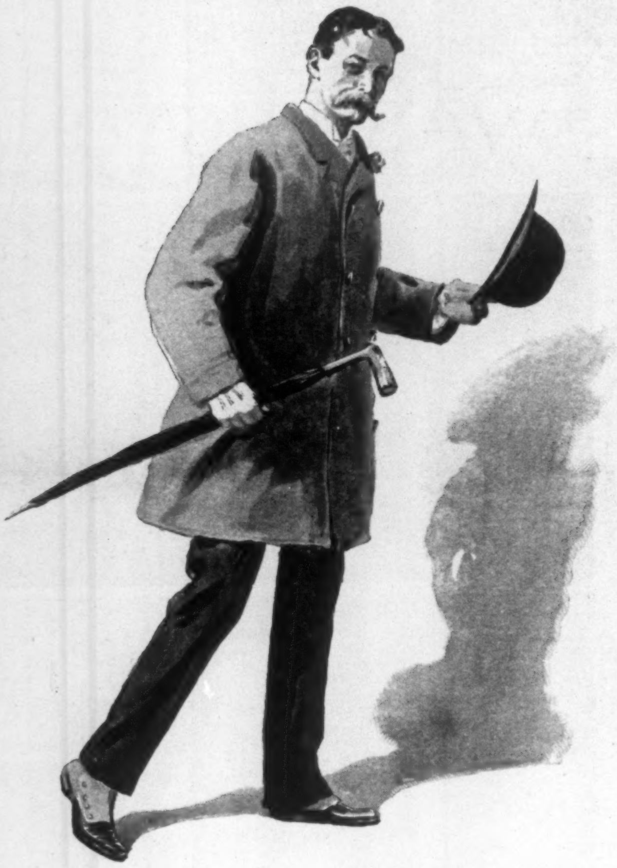
It seems to one who knows Washington as though it ought to be unnecessary to say these self-evident things, to lumber up the page with these ethical axioms. But the truth cannot be winked out of existence, and the truth is that Washington has been vilified for many years in one way or another; sometimes in newspaper letters, and at other times in wretched fiction as nearly kin to literature as is a chromo to a great painting, suggestive both of the need of the writer for a



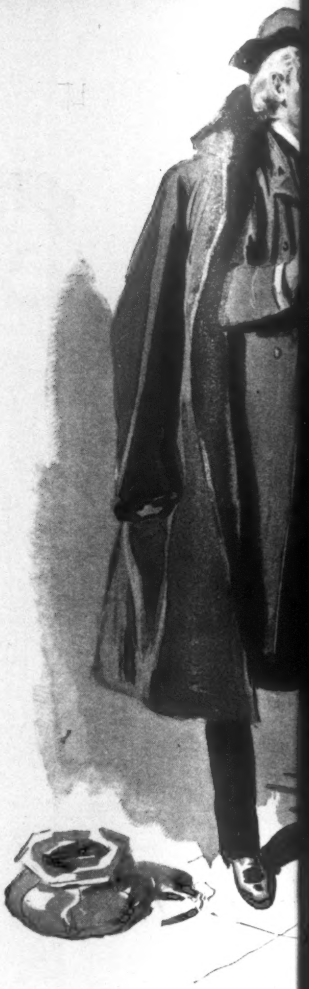
FRAYED-OUT HUMANITY.



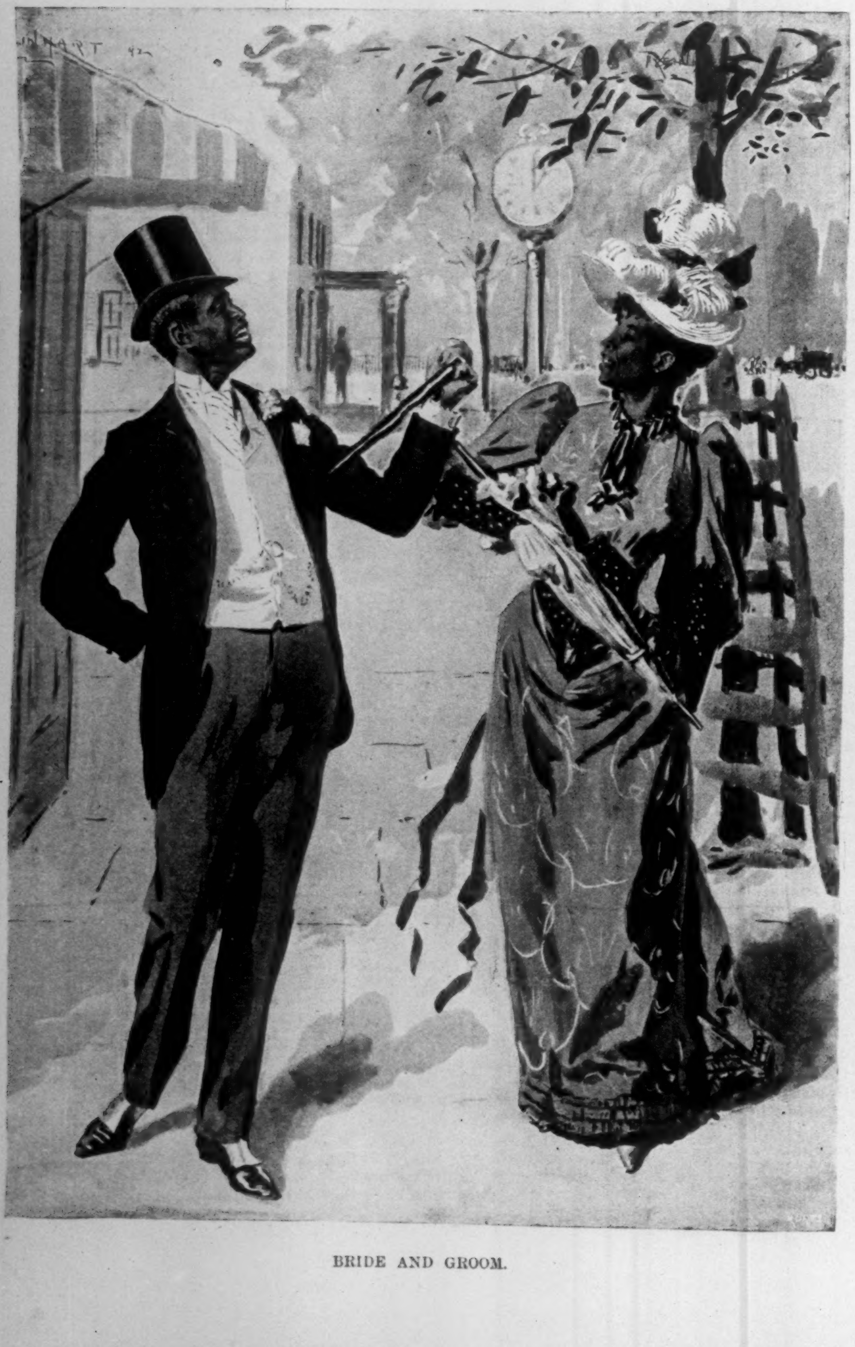
ON A FASHIONABLE THOROUGHFARE.



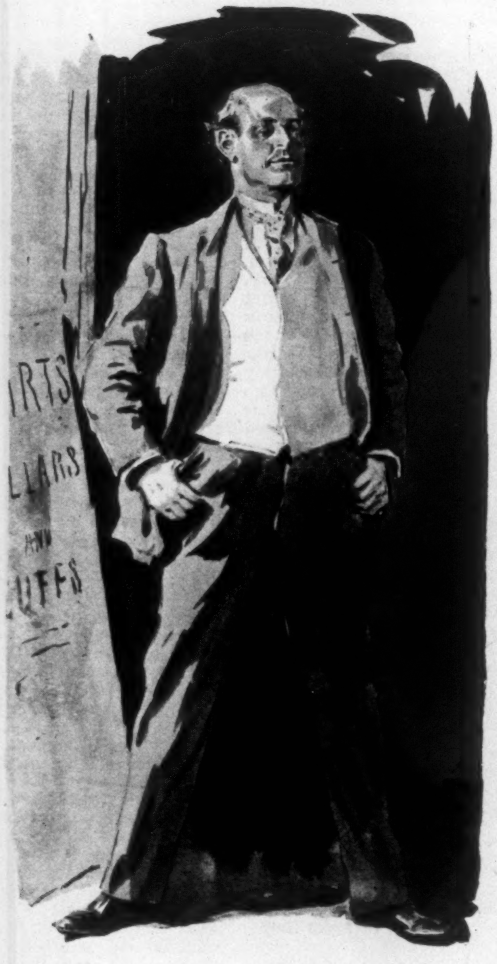
THE SMARTLY DRESSED YANKEE.



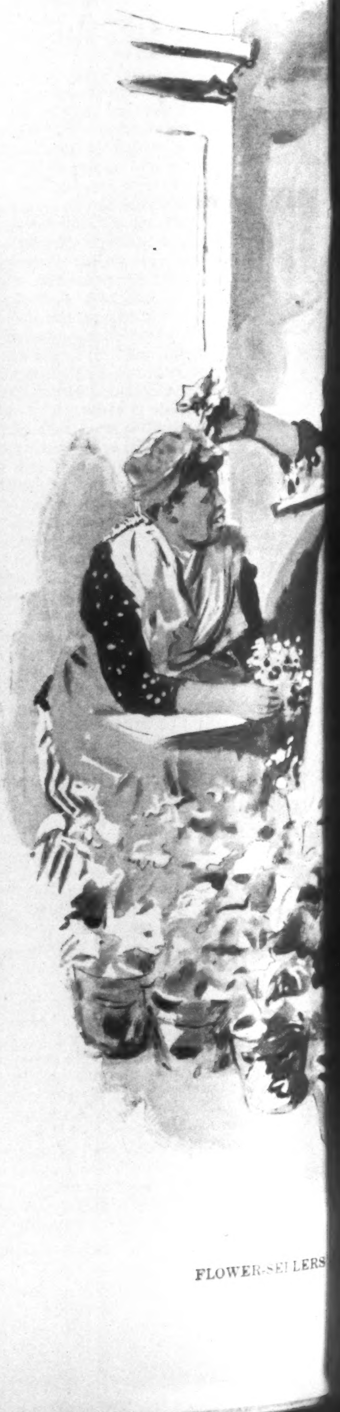
"MY FRIEND THE COLONEL



BRIDE AND GROOM.

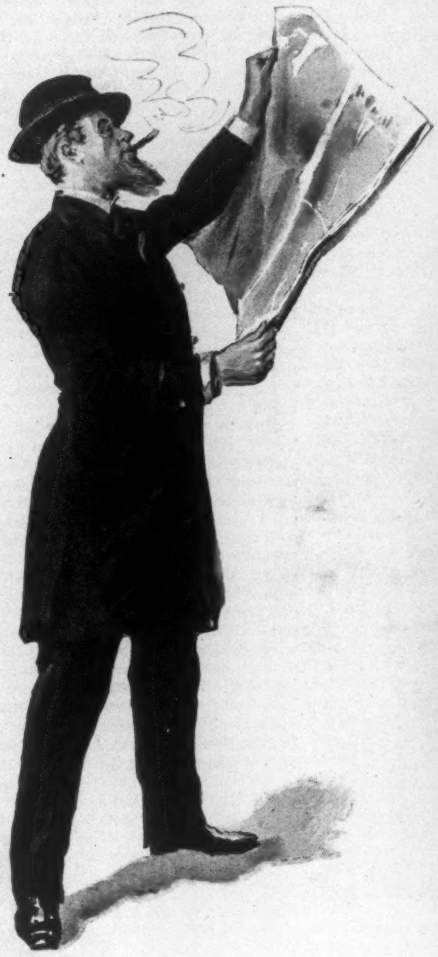

IRTS
LLARS
AND
UFFS

THE SHOPKEEPER.

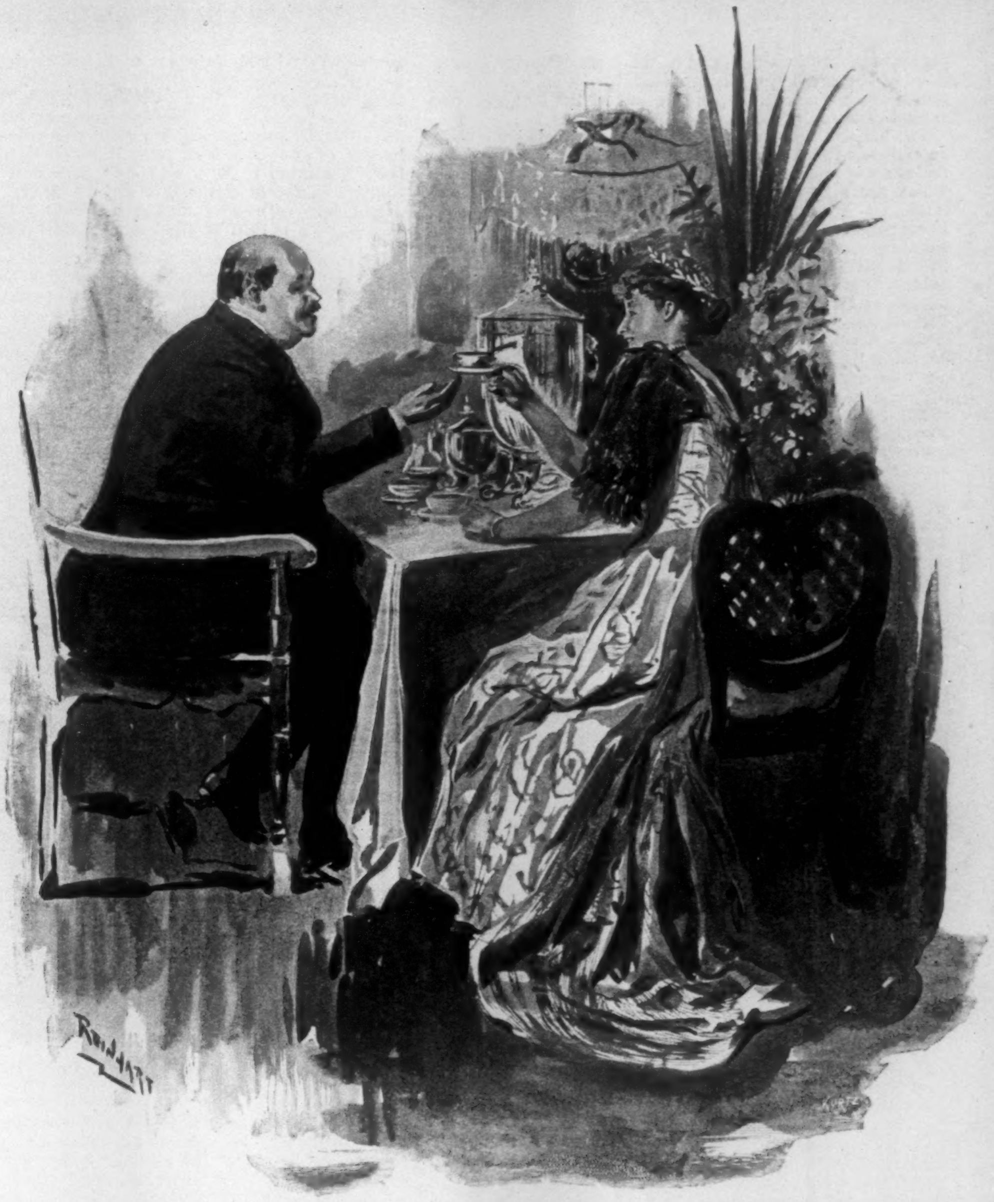


FLOWER-SELLERS

VIRGINIA, SAH!"

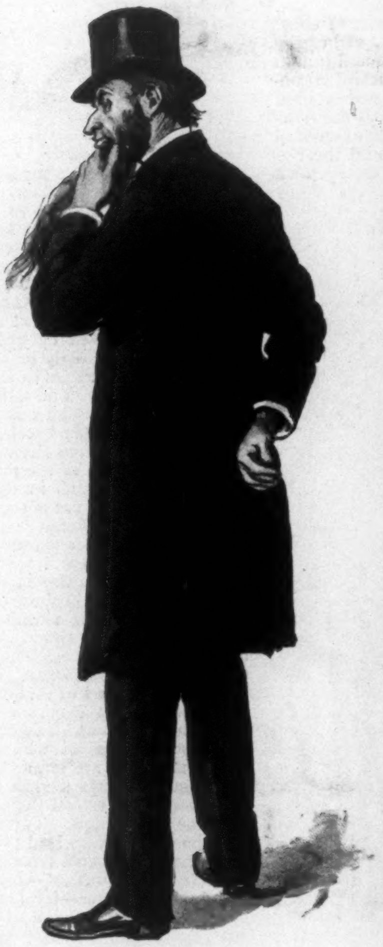


THE MIDDLE-WESTERNER.

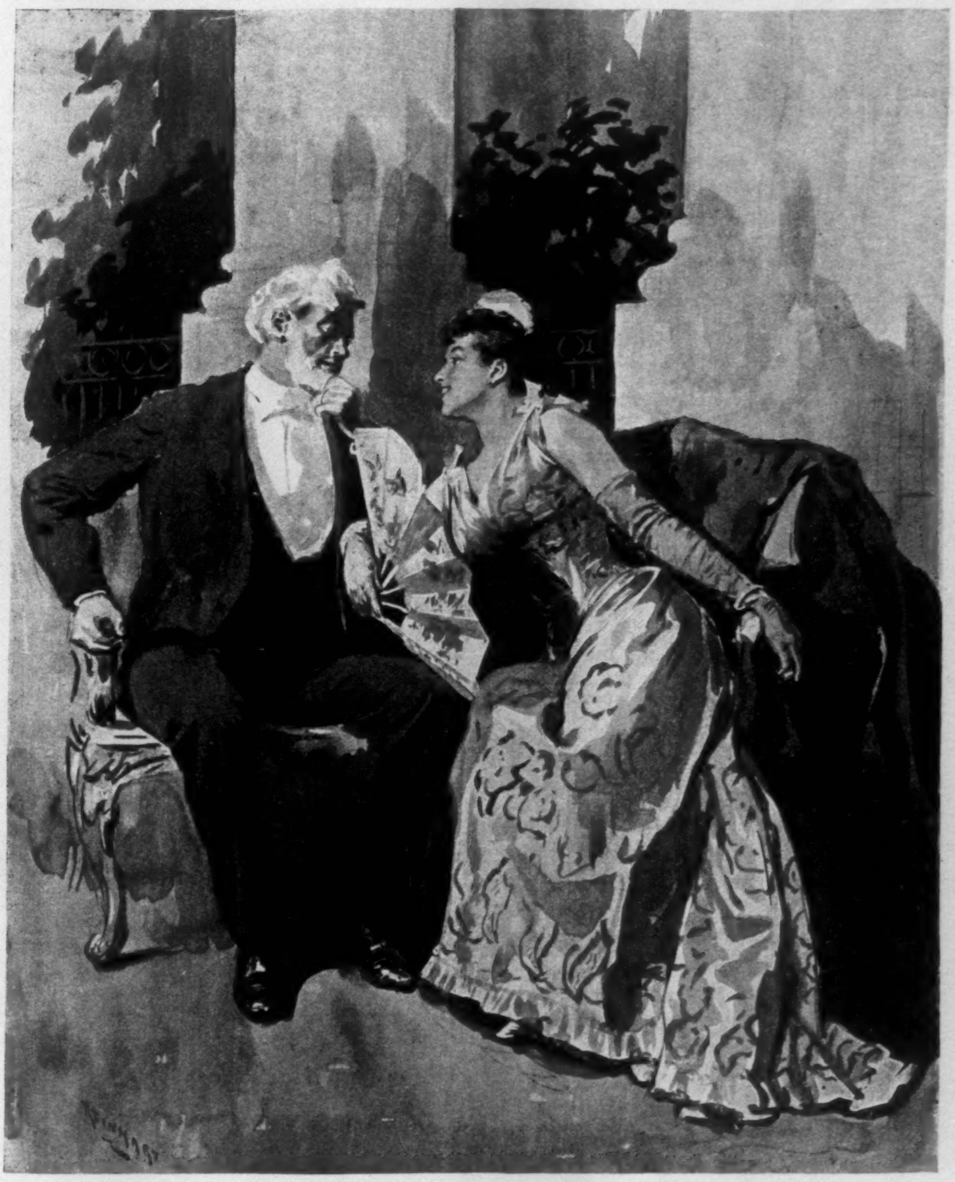


AT A RECEPTION.

E MARKET-PLACE.



THE OFFICE-SEEKER.



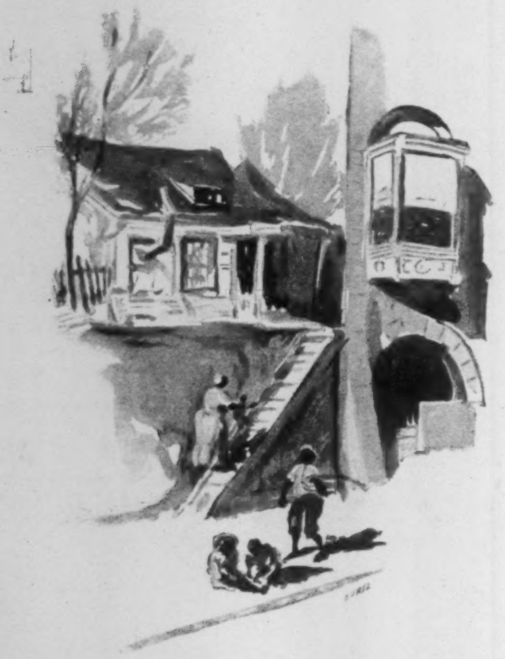
THE POLITICAL SECRET.

penny, well or ill earned, and of the most offensive exhalations of the great English preacher in fiction, who, in his time, took his malicious pleasure out of the long-suffering capital of the republic.

The harpies who have perpetrated these libels have made an audience for themselves, and as the joy of the gossips in taking away and utterly destroying the reputations of places which are happy in not possessing them and their household imps is only less than their pleasure in decrying their human neighbors, there are many thousands of American citizens, some of them worthy though misguided people, who believe that Washington is a city wholly given over to sinfulness, that its public haunts are filled with men who rob the people, and that the private lives of those who make and execute the nation's laws are full of shame. It seems necessary, then, in saying anything at all of the city, especially anything that appears to be general and comprehensive, to deny the current rumors that obtain among the vast army of people who are governed by opinions that would be dear at any price, and who pity their rural member of Congress—who, as likely as not, is a deacon in their church and the trusted counsellor of the whole country-side—for the horrible temptations with which he is surrounded. And if all the carpers in all the village homes and in the farm-houses from one end of the country to the other might come together and “round up” the various deacons, lawyers, and leading merchants whom they had sent to Congress, they would be surprised by the large sum of good character they would find in the herd.

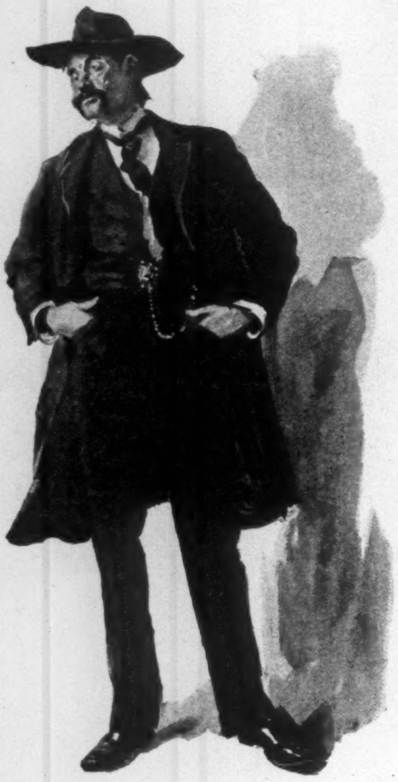
There are so many pleasant and agreeable things to say of the capital of the country that it is annoying to be compelled to make this disagreeable digression. It is wonderful the number of people who know nothing of literature, who cannot write, whose figures of speech are as stamped plush to the finest product of the Lyons looms, whose turbulent superheated product is to the outgivings of the poetic imagination as is gin to the richest Burgundy, who yet feel themselves called upon to preach in the form of fiction; and it is a strong indictment of our newspapers that they, in their turn, feel called upon to stamp the nauseous stuff with their approval.

Washington is an American city—no city in the country is more American—without the one characteristic that is supposed to be most American. It has no business. There will not be lacking those who will say that nowhere is the dollar pursued more energetically; and there may be truth in this; but this pursuit is quite apart from the real life of the city, and those whom you will meet at the club or in their homes will not be the strugglers for gain in the market-places of the town. There is no commerce nor trade in the city at all commensurate with its population and importance. It is like the quiet centre of a raging storm. Its streets are not filled with drays; its shores are not lined with warehouses. And yet one may see commerce at its doors softened with the poetic mist of antiquity and ruin. The searcher after all there is to be seen at the capital, or the dweller within its walls who loves the place and longs to know the inmost recesses of its heart, finds his way to the red-brick sidewalks of old tumbling-down Georgetown, and the decrepit warehouses from which issue the rich odors of the masterful product that is charged with the task of wresting fertility from the unpromising soil of adjoining Maryland. It is a kind of commerce that carries on its business in infrequent boats that are occasionally tied up to the untrustworthy wharves of the ancient place which is so Southern that a few years ago, when the memory of war was stronger upon our people than it is to-day, its people declined to recognize on any terms whatever the capital which the North had retained. They did not know that the old War, Navy, and State department buildings had disappeared, and that their places had been taken by an enormous pile of granite from which modesty shrinks and in which ignorance glories. Many a day passed before the hauteur of the conquered “Southrons” was overcome by the genial hospitality of the Northern people whom exacting constituents sent to Washington.



THE OLD AND THE NEW.

These old Southern people, born and bred in Washington when the city was a Southern town, when slaves were the domestic servants, are among the delights that make a Northerner love the city. If you can escape from the bustle of Broadway to the calmness of Pennsylvania Avenue, you will understand how pleasant it is to make part of a moving throng that has no business in its eye. Recently the man of energy and enterprise has invaded Washington, and has lured the people into the belief that a bazar of “notions” is a fine feature in the town wherein they once dwelt contentedly with shops whose trade was carried on in a manner entirely in keeping with the pleasant, drawling speech of the amiable native. But Washington is doubtless changing, and the infusion of the Northern and metropolitan shopper has naturally brought the Northern and metropolitan shopkeeper, or at least a very good imitation of him. And yet there continues to be a welcome absence of commerce in the streets, and of commercial talk in society.



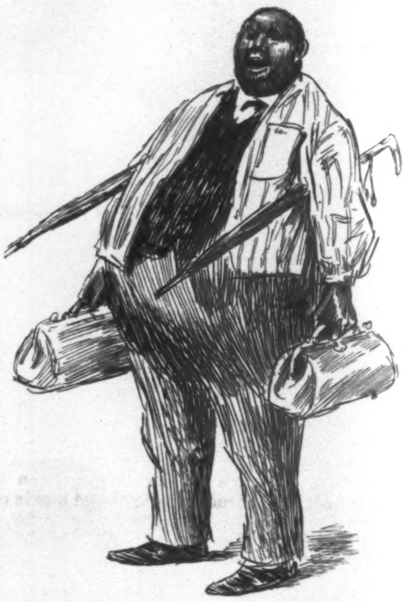
THE SOUTHWESTERNER.

Somehow or other I do not yet seem to have told why Washington is dear to the hearts of its votaries, and yet I hope that a sympathetic chord has been struck in some hearts by the reflection that the capital affords an escape from the endless jargon of the exchanges that often weary the ear in the larger cities of the country. But there are really substantial reasons for liking Washington. Very few people visit it in May and June—the season when the birds come home, and when the brides adorn the squares and avenues and public buildings with their happy faces and their new clothes—without gaining an impression of great beauty.

And it is a beautiful city. The houses may not be all that they try to be or think that they are, but in the days of foliage there is a wondrous sea of green leaves overhead in every street; for Washington, among other things, has been blessed by a ring of plunderers that gave to it level streets, and planted them with thousands upon thousands of elms, maples, ash trees, and lindens; and now, in the day when the head of the plunderer is low, and when his sins and crimes have been visited upon him, these trees rise up in their stateliness and declare that the rascal had some good in him, after all. Added to this are the greenswards and the flowering trees of the parks, and the great expanse of wooded grounds about the Capitol, the Smithsonian, and the National Museum. There is, also, the river above Georgetown to the Little Falls, with its steep wooded banks, merry with boating parties, best seen from the grounds of the Jesuit College. The quiet shaded streets, so clean that one of the hundreds of little dirt heaps that remain untouched in New York for days would cause an outburst of popular indignation, are flooded with a golden sunshine. On a perfect Washington January day the robins have come back, and some of the shrubs in the parks and the vines on the southern walls of old houses have struggled into bloom. The calmness and comfort, the absence of hurry, the repose of the place, fill the heart with gladness until the hour comes for the real business of society to begin, when the picture is graced by the presence in the fashionable thoroughfares of much-preoccupied women, on foot or in their carriages, whose evident determination to do their stern duty, even to the uttermost, cannot make them the less beautiful and agreeable objects of contemplation.

It is undoubtedly the belief of people who have a superficial acquaintance with the city, who visit friends who are bent upon showing them their own intimacy with greatness, or who gain their knowledge of life at the capital from the newspapers, that the real, and perhaps the only, charm of the place is the movement of society—that the soul of the place lies in its teas, its receptions, its dinners, luncheons, balls.

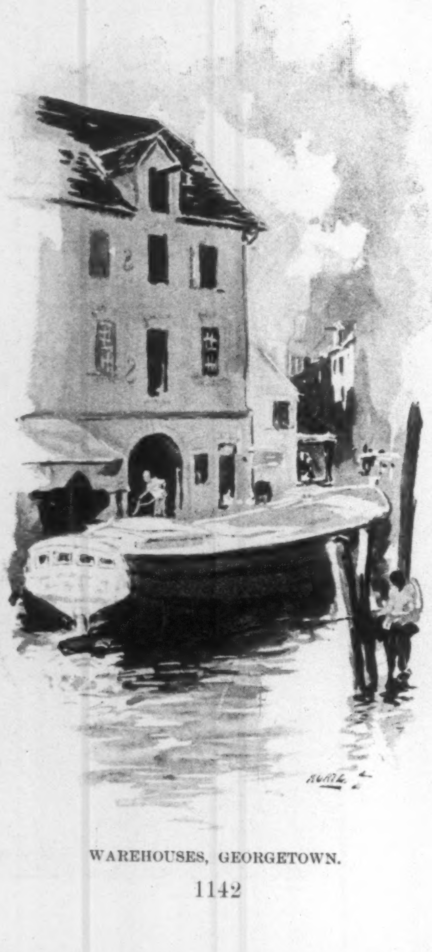
But to you who know, what hollow mockery is this! There are some of you, men chiefly, who dine and sup, and occasionally dance, but who never go to a tea or an afternoon reception except in a spirit of charity, or in obedience to a domestic rule which few have the hardihood to disregard, and yet whose winter existence at the capital, so long as it does not rain, is one long beautiful panorama of highly prized human life. There are men whose first thought on rising is of their morning walk on Pennsylvania Avenue. There is no street like it in all the world. Let the crowds disappear from its sidewalks, and it becomes almost unsurpassed for everything that a street should not be. It is so wide that only fifteen-story buildings on both sides could give it anything like a sky-line, or do away with the feeling that one is out on a brick and asphalt prairie decorated here and there with cottonwood trees, whose feathery spring blossoms fly into the eyes, doing their painful work of inflammation. And yet, from Fifteenth Street to Ninth Street, on a bright morning, it affords a most enchanting promenade.



THE PORTER.

You should come down to it out of the quiet part of the city a little after nine o'clock in the morning. Care should be taken to avoid an earlier hour, for at nine o'clock the slaves who work, the heads of departments and their clerks, the unfortunate dependents upon government favor and public employment, must be at their desks. After nine o'clock the quiet streets are empty of the throng of men and women hurrying to their daily tasks, and you can have the street almost to yourself. Go down through the leafy shadows of Lafayette Square. You will see that the man who planted the park knew what he was doing, and you will rejoice and be glad in the noble beeches and the dark leaves of the Southern ash. From these pleasant paths you will pass through the fringe of the public business, and you will see knots of men in such numbers and possessing such eyes and noses that you are not astonished by the presence of an extraordinary number of “studios,” “cafés,” “sample-rooms,” and eke plain liquor shops; nor can you longer wonder at the scandals that are inspired by the propinquity to the Treasury across the way of this frayed-out lot of humanity, who are so steeped in the arts of cunning, mostly ineffective, that they eye their simple daily bread furtively, while their crooked fingers seem always looking for a button-hole, and their voices have become incapable of much more than the whisper of conspiracy.

If you know any of this crowd you hurry through it, and when you turn the corner into Pennsylvania Avenue life takes on a different hue. Here are men and women whom you know, others of whom you have simply heard, and others still who are strange to the civilization of the East. It is almost always a very great, a very picturesque, and a very interesting crowd that moves slowly up and down before the little shops. There are Indians in their blankets, and the women who lead the fashion, these latter snatching a few hasty moments from what they are pleased to regard as their “social duties”—meaning thereby their social vocations and pleasures—for the shopping that is made necessary by the wear and tear of the rush in which they take part, and upon which many of them will no doubt look back, when they shall have reached a calm old age, in regretful astonishment. And you will see, besides the Indians and the women of fashion, the Southwesterner, who wears his large-brimmed soft hat and his loose clothes, and has the chewing habit strong upon him, and whose every movement is supple and indicative of the freedom and independence of the frontier, of a familiarity with the saddle and a con-



WAREHOUSES, GEORGETOWN.

tempt for forms. There is a vast difference between him and his fellow from the middle West, upon whom the formalities and conventionalities are beginning to lay their heavy hand, who binds himself up tightly in a frock-coat that clasps him snugly, while he really prefers to sit through his working hours in his shirt sleeves, and still insists upon wearing the heavy boots essential in virgin countries, and the soft hat that has the virtue of comfort—narrower as to the brim, perhaps, than his of the Southwest. There is very little homogeneity in the throng. There is the smartly dressed Yankee or New York Congressman, with the pert air of business so suggestive of the lasting influence of the legend of the industrious apprentice, and of the depressing fact that in certain parts of the country an alert and smart air is often the accepted sign of mind and conscience, and of the development of the deeper attributes of the soul. A tall hat, well-brushed clothes, early hours, and a brisk step have often made a fool's fortune in a God-fearing community. And you will meet this man stepping out with his business stride on Pennsylvania Avenue, and, besides, you will meet the gentleman with a boutonnière, whose first task of the day is to flash his dazzling manliness into the pleased eyes of whatever beautiful woman may happen to have an errand on the Avenue on that particular morning. And along with these will move groups of slouching, round-shouldered, soft-hatted men, wearing their overcoats as if they were cloaks, the wearers themselves finding much dressing incompatible with a proper devotion of their time to nothing in particular. And you will see many women with the high color that is believed by no one but she who thus decorates herself to bear the slightest resemblance to the hue of health. But you must not mistake the character of these foolish virgins and matrons. In some parts of this beloved land of ours, strange as it may seem to those of us who have such a high regard for smartness, the women have been carefully trained in the art of painting, and she who neglects the rouge-pot would lose caste. Some of them will learn better soon, and all of them will in time.

In the doors of some of the shops stand pleasant gentlemen, who so thoroughly enjoy the endless processions that move up and down before them, standing there hatless, smiling, with hands in pockets, that he who would ask them to turn their backs upon the bright scene for the mere purpose of selling wares must have a very slight sympathy with the pleasures of his fellow. But all the shop-keepers are not so interested in the life that flows outside their doors, but, like all who trade and prosper abundantly, only in the eddies and currents that set towards their own counters.

And then there are the abundance of negroes, the old flower-sellers in the market-place, and not far off the tumble-down rookeries of places where modern Mr. Krooks sell impracticable goods to people who apparently buy useless things because they have very little money for the purchase of anything that is useful. There are good-natured black porters and draymen who mark the difference between themselves and their white brethren by indulging in playful gibes and mirthful jests instead of profanity, objurgation, and blows. There are old "mammies," the most beautiful and touching survivals of the patriarchal system of slavery, with their Madras head-dresses, the free nurses of the children of those to whose young lives they ministered as slaves. Some of these, it is true, are only to be found on the unfashionable side of the Avenue, where you must go if you would enjoy the full flavor of the city, and where is situated the Old Curiosity Shop, a famous place for punches, established so long ago that Henry Clay and Daniel Webster partook of its cheer, concocted for them by the venerable "Dick," a fine old specimen of the aristocratic colored man, sober, dignified, polite. It was not so long ago that a famous Senator, appreciative of "Dick" and his talents, tore him ruthlessly from the place in which he had won fame and laid by a goodly sum of money, and placed him in command of the Senate restaurant. The terrapin for the Senators was doubtless better cooked than it had been, but the visitors to the Old Curiosity Shop missed the old man's pleasant reminiscences, which were not at all the worse for a faint suspicion of imagination, and missed also the occasional punch which, as a great favor, he made from a little dusty flask that contained the last drop of the particular brandy which delighted the palates of the giants from Massachusetts and Kentucky. It is true that many, many punches were made from that last drop, and that the cellars of the queer old place, around whose walls are printed and more substantial mementos of great events, especially of the great war and the terrible assassination with which it closed—that these cellars and perhaps the shed must have actually groaned under the original stock of this really exquisite distillation; but you could not doubt the historic character of the beverage when the old man informed you, with a grave and dignified benevolence, that he would charge you only fifty cents for the punch.

And now let him who is eager for the social crush prepare for its various forms of dissipation. Every one who has any position whatever, or who is acquainted with a friend who has any position, goes into general society if he wants to. The rush and whirl of it are tremendous and disheartening until you come to know that there are quiet pools in the midst of the most turbulent waters, and that even the smallest house has cunning nooks, where one may spend an hour with a dear and near friend, without disturbing the general current of the chatterers. The man or woman who is not happy in the possession of a near and dear friend will inevitably find that mingling in the social whirl is a most stupendous bore, and not to be compared for real happiness with a comfortable chair, a good cigar, and an agreeable friend in the club—the most delightful club in the broad world of clubdom. Who has not tried to snatch morsels of conversation with passing acquaintances in a crowded room, interrupted by rivals, bitter enemies, bores that had no regard for the struggling speaker's desire to shine, if only for a second? Suddenly an old friend, man or woman, is projected upon you, and even as your mouth opens for the phrase of greeting, a simpering maid, or a stupid dowager, or a blundering man begs to be taken somewhere for tea or repairs, or kindly presents you to some one, whom you always hate from that time on, and who is fortunately instantly swirled away in the rushing flood of humanity; but meanwhile the real friend, the friend you have found, who mayhap has awakened the most tender and beautiful recollections, and suggests a promise of one more glimpse of paradise in a weary world—she, too (or perhaps he), has been taken up and carried off, just beyond your reach possibly, just far enough to permit you to hear the happy tones with which he (or is it she?) responds to the whispered jest of a rival who is utterly strange, a rival who has been brought to Washington by the changing events of politics, or by the modern movement that is making the capital the most popular winter resort of the rich and idle of fashion.

Fashionable methods and customs and the manner of entertaining do not greatly differ in Washington from those obtaining elsewhere. There are the breakfasts or luncheons for women only, or for men only, or for mixed companies, the teas, receptions, crushes, balls, and outings to the country. The spice of variety to the mid-day meals, that are usually followed by uncomfortable somnolency and a serious and regrettable loss of appetite for dinner, is added by breakfasts in the committee-rooms of the Senate. Here the woman of fashion treads softly, coyly, sometimes timidly, on the threshold of public life, and listens excitedly, if she is a novice, to the distant echoes of debate that mingle agreeably with the clatter of dishes and the whispered confidences of the man who sits next to her; and if an attendant of the Senate-Chamber comes to announce that a roll-call is about to take place, and that the votes of the statesmen are needed by their respective parties—for there are no rigid party lines in society, none, at least, that prevent the comradeship of political opponents—there is a delightful flutter in the breakfast party; the men take up the affairs of state as an ancient warrior, who had been dallying in the smiles of beauty with his ambrosial locks unbound, lifted up his helmet and buckled on his sword at the sound of the trumpet that called him to the stern duties of battle. If any men are left behind, their quarter of an hour may not be wholly pleasant, unless their fair convives are accustomed to the business of government, and understand that the statesmen are probably doing nothing that is of any serious moment or that is at all likely to overtax their minds. Still, if they are fledglings in the peculiar world of the capital, they may be more interesting to the philosopher than their experienced sisters, and their chattering guesses as to the momentous errand on which their chevaliers have been called away may be readily excused by the neglected men who remain, unless, indeed, as sometimes strangely happens, there is among these men one of sufficient vanity to count a Senator no better than himself. Not that there are not some Senators who sorely tax the faith of American citizens in their intellectual and moral superiority; but it is best for one's comfort to assume that a Senator who flirts as diligently as a boy of sixteen is not wholly as frivolous as he always appears to be. One will thus be a more frequent guest at the quiet lunches, where the talk is almost always clever, and where the service and the food and wines are good enough to suggest the unaccustomed pleasures of a well-sheltered picnic, where the opportunities are excellent for getting on a little further with what may have promised at last night's crush to be an exceptionally charming acquaintance.

And there are suppers too in these Senate committee-rooms when night sessions are on, and the walls that were constructed for the shelter of law-makers look down upon well-dressed and daintily fed women, and listen to the low tones and sweet laughter of divinities that are perfectly contented not only with the quality of the worship they receive, but with the multitude of their worshippers.

The intimacies of a society composed of people who see one another several times a day during the season are very great, and the cleverest people in the country go to Washington officially for a few years, or make pilgrimages there. Naturally the public service gathers men of talent, and even of genius, about its centre of administration. There are scientific men, and officers of the army and navy, and lawyers, both those who are on the bench and those who are at the bar. The politicians and statesmen are not the only attractions of the capital, although they are potent, and the topics of their trade are uppermost in the minds of women and men. One of the compensations of statecraft is the pleasure of explaining large questions to intelligent women, who make a serious effort to be well informed on the hard problems of government, but who are really much more interested in the personal and political fortunes of the men who master and control them, so that it is easy for an accomplished public man to glide from politics to poetry by the time he has finished his first cup of tea, or when he enjoys the calm satisfaction that makes the interval that follows the entrée the happiest point of the dinner. Present and future Presidents are talked about most lightly, most cleverly, most delightfully, at the dinner and tea tables of the capital; and on a genial evening at a White House reception, on the circular back porch, there have been many confessions of ambitions made by black-coated politicians to sympathetic ears, and there have been many betrayals of confidences too, and men with purposes and objects have listened with smiling face and beating heart to the thoughtless and careless tattling of one who has received one more secret than she can hold, or who is in the companionship of one to whom her inmost soul is as an open page. Then may tumble out into the light of publicity aspirations of a great man, who would hardly speak them aloud outside the stillness of his own chamber, but whose wife has poured them into the ear of her bosom friend, who, in turn, reveals them to the statesman's dearest foe.

It is true enough that the chat of other capitals is not very different in character from that which enlivens Washington, but there is an infusion of freshness here that is lacking in the Old World, and that may therefore be said to be essentially American. New faces are constantly coming in, new minds with new points of view, new forms of awkwardness to be tamed and trained. And it is a wonderful illustration of the adaptability of our countrymen and countrywomen that in an exceedingly short time they fit themselves to their new surroundings, with all their follies and virtues, and add to them a charm of freshness that is very agreeable to palates that are somewhat in danger of becoming jaded. This infusion of new people, this rapid changing of the *personnel* of society, has its pleasant and its disagreeable side. It is discouraging, except to one who enjoys the pursuit of new friendships, to find, after a four years' absence from the capital, that the acquaintance of a completely new set of cabinet families must be made, and that there are a great many new permanent citizens of Washington, new Senators and Representatives, and new members of the diplomatic corps. And new people in Washington do not mean simply new people constructed on the set pattern of the place, for there is no regular pattern for a Washingtonian. This is the centre into which all the country tumbles its various patterns, so that it is a human kaleidoscope, and the men and women who take the places of those who go away are not only new in name and face and fortune and manner, but are very likely to be new kinds of men and women, who have new thoughts born on the Western prairies or in the mines, and that will startle and revive the flagging minds that are holding by notions that are obliged to do such constant and wearing duty in the conservative and comparatively stagnant cities of the seaboard.

But when once your bark is fairly afloat in this tide, you swim along with many friends, any one of whom you may see almost any day somewhere at some hospitable house, if you only have the determination and the patience. And the soft atmosphere disposes you to indulge yourself in the loitering life that regards a ten-mile tramp as a serious effort, but that loves a saunter on the pavement that may last all of a golden afternoon.

The impression that is left by the few weeks known as the season, however, is not wholly pleasant. There is a rush of people and a tumult about it that suggest a hurry to see it all before they go. There is an important number of the people whom you meet and against whom you jostle, some of whom you would take a strong fancy to, if you were not deterred by the feeling that they are very far from being like the poor, and will be with you only for a little while. Sometimes it is difficult to pick out your friends in the great crushes—the people who will remain after the law-makers fill up their annual volume and go home to expand from a small fraction of a large assemblage into the large man of the village. Every one goes into the official society in Washington. If you go to an afternoon tea at a cabinet or Senator's house, you will see modest, plain women standing against the walls, unknown and unknowing, except as they recognize the faces of the great people whose photographs have appeared in the shop windows, or who have been caricatured in the daily press. They may be the wives of new members, or, more likely still, the wives and sisters of department clerks, who live in humble lodgings, and go to the afternoon gatherings for the purpose of securing cards which will be left at their doors by a footman, one of which will bear the legend, "The Secretary of State," and the other the name of his perhaps equally distinguished wife or daughters. What a glory these cards will give their possessors when they take them up to their village homes in the summer vacation, and leave them about where they may catch the eye of the dear old envious friend, or of the aunt whose chief delight is the proclamation of the reflected social glories of her kindred—of the nephew who is struggling for bread on $1200 a year, of the niece whose annual bit of sunshine comes to her when she turns her back on the ill-smelling boarding-house, and her face towards a dusty village where there are people who really believe that she and the wife of the Secretary are the dearest of friends! It is different about the President and the White House. Every one can see the one and tramp through the other, and there is no post-visitation testimony of the fact in pasteboard. The people own the White House, or a large part of it, at all events, and they exercise the privileges of their ownership in their free and independent manner.

We have not wandered entirely through Washington in this discursive ramble. We have seen nothing of that large community which retains the spirit and habits of old New England, especially that part of it whose people are descendants of those who emigrated from New England in the first half of the century. There are Friday evening prayer-meetings and Sunday-school concerts and small evening parties in this community, and they who dwell in it live in Washington after the simple, wholesome fashion to which they were born and bred. The women of the family, when they go, excitedly and with trepidation often, into the larger and more brilliant world of fashion, are clad in seemly gowns with high neck and long sleeves; and the young men stop at home and attend to the business by which they are to fail or prosper. We have not seen much either of the free-mannered, hearty Westerner, nor of the simple, hospitable Southerner. They do not always change their manners when they go to Washington, and those of them who are not hovering around the candle of society make their homes with people of their own kind, who talk and think like themselves.

You will see them all sooner or later, if you linger long enough in Washington to understand and love it; and then you will be glad when the great throng is through with its annual visit, when even more temporary visitors cease to run down for a day or a week, and when you once more dwell on quiet and familiar terms with the men and women who give the city its interest. It is then that you will most thoroughly enjoy the strange capital, where neither art nor letters nor commerce hold sway, but which owes its social charm to the great human tide that ebbs and flows through it, some of the best of which gathers in pleasant recesses and eddies, and refreshes the seekers of rest who have been tossed to weariness in the tumbling waters.

Henry Loomis Nelson

Note.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in Harper's Weekly as follows:

PARIS.—No. 1837.
By François Coppée.
ST. PETERSBURG.—No. 1841.
By E. Melchior de Vogüé.
CONSTANTINOPLE.—No. 1846.
By Pierre Loti.
ROME.—No. 1850.
By Gaston Boissier.
GENEVA.—No. 1856.
By Édouard Rod.
ATHENS.—No. 1859.
By Comte de Moüy.
PEKIN.—No. 1862.
By General Tcheng-Ki-Tong.
CAIRO.—No. 1864.
By Camille Pelletan.
BERLIN.—No. 1866.
By Antonin Proust.
LONDON.—No. 1868.
By Sir Charles W. Dilke.
VIENNA.—No. 1869.
By Madame Adam.
MEXICO.—No. 1872.
By Auguste Génin.
CHRISTIANIA.—No. 1873.
By Harald Hansen.
ALGIERS.—No. 1874.
By Maurice Wahl.

MY LADY PERPETUA.

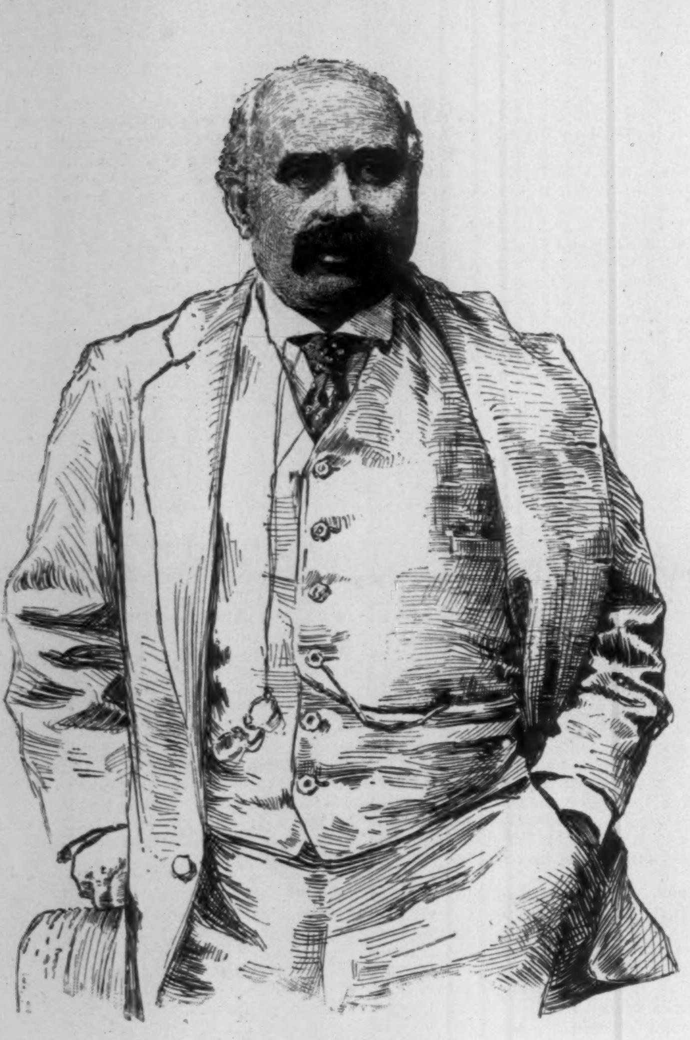
Proud she is, indeed; why should you wonder that I love her?
Proud is, too, the lily fair that bends upon its stem.
Distant as the stars she seems, glowing so far above her,
Yet my thoughts may travel upward, even unto them.

Cold, is she? Perhaps so, since you will insist upon it.
So is ice; but ice, you see, is clear and pure alway.
Scan her closer; say not she's unworthy of my sonnet—
Object of my dreams and hopes, my passion night and day.

When I woo her, she evades me like a conscious spirit;
If I then pursue her, she is coy and turns her head;
Still, though cold and proud and coy, my whisper she will hear it,
And a vagrant color comes to cheat the rose's red.

Hard old cynic, loyal friend, but never sympathizer,
Lift aside that cruel film which shadows your true heart;
Were she yours to worship, you would play the ardent miser,
For my sweetheart's pseudonyme is always Mistress Art.

Eleanor Waddle.



THE LATE JOHN HOEY.

THE AMERICAN NABOB.

When the American Daudet arrives—which will be in that time, said by Thackeray to have ended in England with the death of Fielding, when "it is permitted to portray a man"—he will find his Nabob ready to his hand. He will find him in the life, and even more fitly in the death, of John Hoey, the barefoot boy who came to the empire of a greater power than that of the little Oriental grand-viziership at which Daudet's Nabob arrived, fell from it much as Daudet's Nabob fell, and last lay dying and dead in a darkened room at Delmonico's—to his mind the centre and crown of life—while all was flowers, and lights, and pop of corks, and scent of wine and Parisian extracts below-stairs, as the crowd poured over from the Garden across the way, full of the events of the first night of the Horse Show.

How many men were there in that crowd who had eaten his dinners, who had drunk his wines, who had partaken of his Nabobian, semi-barbaric hospitality, at his bizarre summer palace—mixture of *café chantant* and Oriental pleasure-house—at Hollywood? How many had at his dinners and suppers and epicurean events of all kinds hung on his words, and patted his huge shoulders applaudingly, and given him all the cause they could invent to believe that they were his true friends and brethren? And how many did him the reverence to so much as lower the champagny stridency of a late supper laugh, though all knew that his life was breathing stertorously out just beyond the echo of their revelry?

Few or none. And yet, in his heyday, but two or three short years ago, John Hoey, the president of a corporation capitalized at $20,000,000, and thereby a much greater power than the little Beyship of Tripoli, which Daudet's Nabob ruled from behind the Bey's throne, had a sycophantic train beside which that of the Nabob was a tinselled procession of stage grandeur compared with the solid splendor of a European court.

Decayed and displaced gentlemen of the Monpavon variety, having only their adherence to the *grande tenue* to connect them with their reputable past, scribes on the skirts of Paris journalism, queer promoters and queerer chevaliers of queer foreign orders, hung about the French Nabob's court. About the court of our Nabob were lawyers high at the bar, judges higher on the bench, politicians of the grade which is sometimes conceded the title of statesman. There has been seen of men in this end of the century an ex-cabinet minister clambering upon the rungs of the American Nabob's chair, patting him affectionately on the shoulders, and chirping—much, it should be said, to the Nabob's surprise, and somewhat to his disgust—"Ah! since you are here, the pleasure of the evening is complete."

When he was an express messenger in Alvin Adams's employ, having risen through the grades of folder in a press-room and newsboy of sufficient enterprise to row his wares out in a skiff to passengers on anchored packets, he was an inveterate theatre goer, as invariable a first-nighter as when in later years his portly presence was almost necessary to the successful inception of a "Broadway attraction." He was an *habitué* of the gallery of Burton's Theatre like a spendthrift boy, and like a foolish boy he fell in love with a pretty young English actress he saw on the stage. An attachment thus contracted should, according to all the maxims, not only of the children of light but those of darkness, come either to nothing or a disillusion. But our Nabob was fond of shattering maxims. He kept the image of his stage beauty in his heart until he was able to place its original there, and when the gallery urchin became a prosperous young man, whose suit might not be deemed unacceptable by the stage beauty, he found that his boyhood's eye had not been blinded by the footlights' glare. A long and happy union, terminated only by his death, was the result.

Other maxims he shattered. The good boy always begins by slaving in the service of the great commercial enterprise to whose head he comes. John Hoey began by fighting the great Adams Express, and he fought it profitably for years. He divined the lines in the South and West that the growth of the great corporation would follow. In whatever direction it grew, therefore, it was apt to find that John Hoey had anticipated its growth. The cheapest thing under every one of these circumstances was to buy Hoey out.

Daudet's Nabob patronized the arts and so did Hoey. His creation was Hollywood. Hollywood was fitly located at Long Branch. Long Branch is a place of bizarre memories. It was the parade-ground of the shoddycracy during and after the war, when such a pace was set that even a quiet woman like the wife of the *post-bellum* President who made his home there was compelled to drive four-in-hand in order not to belittle her husband's high office. It was the summer plaisance of the late Colonel James Fisk. He had the palace there which he said at the time of the Erie *coup* would be his with the alternative of a single-roomed stone cottage at Sing Sing.

All the effulgence of those effulgent days paled before the glories of Hollywood. Not even on the south shore of the Mediterranean had Daudet's Nabob such a place. It had the grandeurs of a Boabdil's Alhambra, of an English nobleman's demesne, of a Chicago hotel, all rolled and pounded into one. It had conservatories full of orchids and corridors full of music. It had baths that a Pompeiian exquisite might have envied. It had for years everything but occupants, for it was a commercial enterprise as well as an artistic creation. Money was poured into it by its creator as freely as water into the reservoirs that supplied its fountains. It seemed to blow away in spray.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," was the consoling text that a priest found for his funeral sermon. His death removed a picturesque figure from New York life. He had many friends and few enemies. Now that he has gone, he has no enemies, and his friends remain.

PAYING THE PIPER.

The Jack-fool election bet is again abroad in the land, and the following special despatches give the latest details of its desolating progress:

Palmyra, O., Nov. 14th.—A good time was had last night on the occasion of the settlement of the unique election bet made by Mr. Sol Spofford and Frank Crane. By the provisions of the wager the loser was to allow Dentist Shaw to extract all his teeth, and that without gas. Mr. Spofford, who held the short end of the bet, settled up like a man. Accompanied by the Palmyra brass band, Mr. Spofford, with Mr. Crane as sponge-holder, proceeded to Mr. Shaw's dentistry emporium, where the thirty-two operations were performed with neatness and despatch. Mr. Crane generously presented the loser with a large wooden spoon. As the provisions of the wager forbid Mr. Spofford to use artificial teeth until a Republican President is elected, he will undoubtedly find Mr. Crane's gift a very useful acquisition.

Jonesboro, N. Y., Nov. 14th.—The Democrats of this vicinity will have a great jollification a week from to-night, when Mr. Hy. Pollock settles the election bet he made with County Clerk Jennings. Under the conditions of the bet, Mr. Pollock will set fire to his residence on Court Street, and shoot at his wife and six children as they emerge from the burning edifice. As Mr. Pollock is known to be devotedly attached to his interesting family, the show promises to be worth seeing. Mrs. Pollock is very much opposed to the programme, as she is averse to publicity.

Mrs. Johnson P. Drake made a bet with a lady friend on the result of the late national election, the loser engaging not to speak a single word until March 4th. Mrs. Drake lost, and as a consequence the noise from Smith's boiler factory can now be distinctly heard in all parts of our beautiful village. Mr. Johnson P. Drake is under arrest, charged by the Republican county committee with ballot-stuffing.

Considerable amusement was occasioned Sunday by the appearance on the street of Judge Arrowsmith, clad in a white flannel suit and straw hat. He carried a palm-leaf fan in his hand, and his feet were bare. As it was snowing heavily at the time, and freezing as well, the judge looked, and doubtless felt, a trifle *de trop*. Judge Arrowsmith will not change his costume until Cleveland is inaugurated.

We acknowledge that Cleveland is elected, and we propose to stand by our election bet of underselling every other clothier in town for the next three months. See our line of pantings. Mordecai Lyons & Cohen, THE Clothiers.—*Adv.*

Kalamazoo, Mich., Nov. 15th.—There was some excitement in St. Stephen's Church Sunday morning. The Rev. Mr. Creamcheese was in the middle of one of his most affecting periods when Hon. Asa S. Williams, a vestryman, and well known in political and social circles, deliberately arose, cleared his throat, and inquired in a stentorian voice, "Where are we at?" He then blushed a deep Philadelphia brick red (although that was not insisted upon in the provisions of the bet), and sat down. The incident imparted a pleasing lightness of tone to the remainder of the service. It is understood that Mr. Creamcheese was severely injured by his unexpected fall from a rhetorical precipice, but is now on the road to recovery. Mr. Williams will probably remove to a straight Republican State.

Just before election Miss Maria Dickerson, one of our most respected spinster ladies, made public announcement that if Harrison was defeated she would marry the first man who on or after November 10th crossed the threshold of the [illegible] County National Bank. Business is now at a dead standstill, and a petition is being circulated for Congressional relief.

Ex-State Senator Jefferson G. Hunter started for Washington to-day by way of the National Pike. Senator Hunter travels as a human pinwheel, and, judging from the language employed by him when he struck the broken stone east of Main Street, it is safe to predict that he will be burning blue-lights most of the way. He was a Harrison man during the late unpleasantness.

Mr. Abner Mackworth, another victim of misplaced confidence, will from now on abstain entirely from breathing. He hopes to support life by inhaling cigarettes, a large supply of which has been presented to him by the local branch of the Epworth League.

At Cable's Hall, this afternoon, Mr. "Al" Whitman was publicly shaved by "Mose" Atkins, the blind barber. There was a large crowd present, and the interest was intensified from the fact that "Mose" had a side bet with Sheriff Giles that he could do it in one minute or better. Mr. Whitman's left ear and the cunning little dimple that erstwhile adorned his chin are now on exhibition at the *Journal* office.

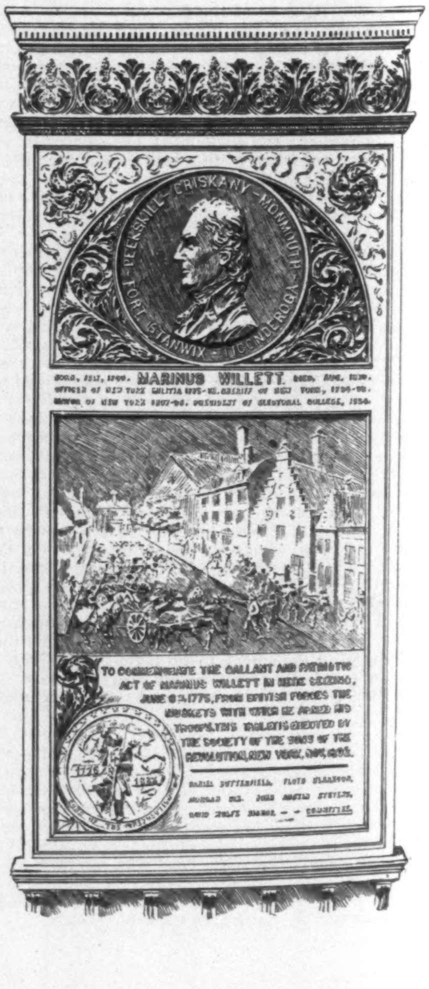
W. G. van Tassel Sutphen.

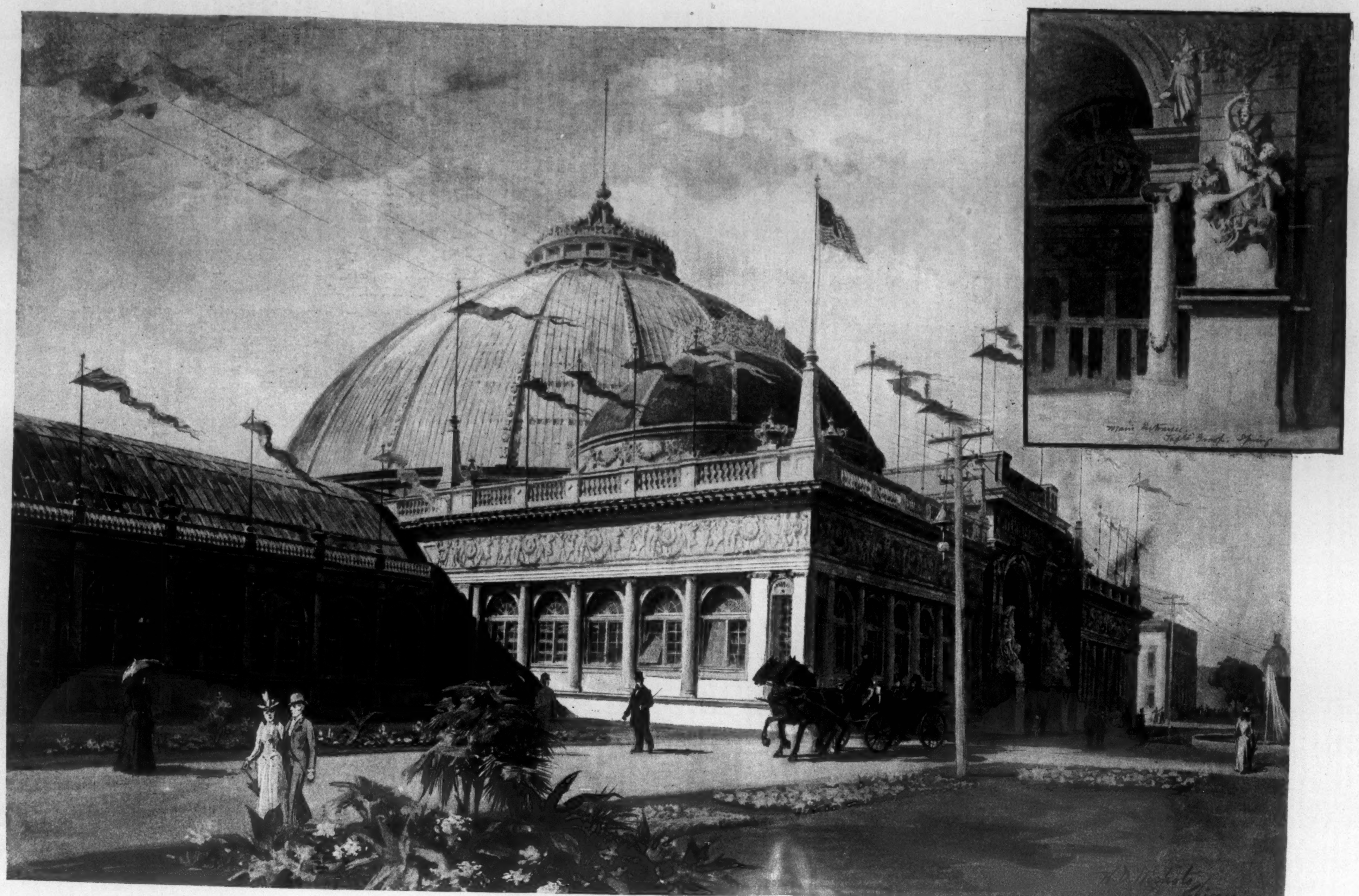
A MEMORIAL TABLET.

On Evacuation day a bronze tablet to Marinus Willett will be placed by the tablet committee of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution upon the Broad Street façade of the new Morris building, corner of Broad and Beaver streets, in this city. In size the memorial is seven feet by three. Its details and inscription are clearly shown in our drawing. Willett's action occurred in front of the spot where it is placed June 6, 1775. Evacuation day was chosen for the purpose of presentation as one of the days of Revolutionary events the society desire to mark by some observance or ceremony.

Five tablets of bronze, differing in shape and construction from the Willett tablet, uniformly about three feet by two in size, were presented at the same time, but are not yet in position. They are bordered with an olive wreath, and bear the inscriptions telling of the events or sites they mark, with the society's seal. They are to mark Washington's landing-place at the Battery; Golden Hill, on John Street, near Nassau, where the fight took place between the Sons of Liberty and the British regulars in 1775; Kennedy House, No. 1 Broadway, where General Washington and Charles Lee for a time had their headquarters, and opposite the spot (in Bowling Green) where the leaden statue of George III. stood before it was torn down by the people and troops in June, 1775; Fraunce's Tavern, in Broad Street, where Washington came Evacuation day, 1783, and took leave of the officers of the army then in the city before departing for his home; and the approximate spot on the then Commons, now City Hall Park, where, with the American troops formed in a square, July 9, 1776, Washington, on horseback in the centre, caused the Declaration of Independence to be read and published to the army.

General Butterfield, chairman of the committee, who has been mainly instrumental in the work, says in his letter to President Tallmadge: "The committee feel that this work effectively aids, as far as it goes, the purposes of the society, viz., the 'duty of keeping before the public mind the memory of . . . services, ... and to perpetuate the memory (and the patriotic spirit) of the men who . . . by their acts or counsel achieved American independence; . . . . for the principles for which the patriots of the Revolution contended'; also that the selection of the day for presentation will 'promote and assist in the proper commemorative celebration' thereof."


PEEKSKILL · ORISKANY · MONMOUTH
FORT STANWIX · TICONDEROGA
MARINUS WILLETT
TO COMMEMORATE THE GALLANT AND PATRIOTIC ACT OF MARINUS WILLETT IN HERE SEIZING, JUNE 6th 1775, FROM BRITISH FORCES THE MUSKETS WITH WHICH HE ARMED HIS TROOPS, THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY THE SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION, NEW YORK
COMMITTEE


Main Entrance. Taft's Group. Spring

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. ARNOLD.

Music and Drama

The noble army of first-nighters, connoisseurs, and critics was certainly, so to speak, *en fête* in New York last week. Monday night was, indeed, a notable one in theatrical annals; and gave those in search of new theatrical sensations an unusual choice of means to gratify their theatrical proclivities. On that occasion a new and beautiful theatre, the Manhattan Opera-house, was opened for the first time to the public, by an English actress new to the American stage, Mrs. Bernard-Beere; a house which has been identified in the minds of the entire theatre-going public of the country for many years with light opera was rededicated to its original uses; a new play, *Aristocracy*, by the foremost of American dramatists, Mr. Bronson Howard, was successfully produced; and a famous play, *Diplomacy*, was successfully revived, not to speak of other events, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been sufficient alone and of themselves to excite interest.

The new and successful play by Mr. Bronson Howard, who can justly lay claim to consideration as not only the foremost American dramatist, but also one of the best dramatists of the world to-day, must naturally be of universal interest. The mere mention of Mr. Howard's name evokes in the minds of almost every one delightful memories of *Saratoga* and *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, of *The Henrietta* and *Shenandoah*—plays which have afforded pleasure to thousands both in this country and in the Old World. All of Mr. Bronson Howard's works are marked by earnestness and directness of expression, by individuality and originality of thought and sunny humor, by keen literary perceptions and a clean, healthy, moral tone, and, above all, by a strong feeling of nationalism. But in none of them are these virtues more apparent than in his latest and possibly greatest play, recently produced by a wonderfully strong company of players at Palmer's Theatre. It is in the position that he has chosen to assume as a distinctly American dramatist that Mr. Howard's chief strength and greatest claim to our consideration and respect lies. *Aristocracy* is distinctly an American play, written for an American audience. It is a biting satire upon European aristocracy, viewed from an American stand-point, and from his point of view Mr. Howard can scarcely be blamed for loading down as he does foreign nobility, as represented by the somewhat exaggerated types which he presents, with opprobrium, while at the same time he extols his American types to the skies, and pats them on the back with vigorous and hearty appreciation of their actions and motives on every possible occasion. His characters, though they can hardly be taken as representative types throughout, are undoubtedly and evidently real people, and the fact that they are human certainly excuses the fact that they are also in some cases unusual. It is fortunate that Mr. Howard is not one of those dramatic writers who are ready to pitchfork hastily written plays on to the stage, in compliance with a contract or to suit a manager's convenience. He is a consummate artist in his command of his material and in his fertility of resource; his construction is symmetrical, consistent, and logical, and in complete accord with his purpose, which is always earnest, and in this instance moral, as *Aristocracy* is evidently intended to read a lesson to that section of American society who consider that a girl to marry well should marry a foreign title. Social records certainly prove that Mr. Howard had ample reason for thinking that such a lesson was both timely and necessary, and he points his moral in this instance with no wavering finger.

The story of the play deals with an impecunious Austrian prince, who sells himself and his title to the daughter of a Californian millionaire, partly for her fortune, and partly to be able to be near her young step-mother, with whom he is in love. The prince is the villain of the piece, and shows his villany in a scene wherein he makes love to his wife's mother, which, though exceedingly forcible, is daringly *fin de siècle*, and will undoubtedly give rise to much discussion and comment. The dominant character of the play is the rich financier, the successful self-made man, who in this instance, wishing to buy his way into the upper-tendom of society, shrewdly considers the shortest way to New York is by way of Vienna and London. Both plot and play up to the end of the third act, in construction and development, are wellnigh perfect, but, as is too often the case in four-act plays, the last act weakens and in a measure goes to pieces. The effect of the first three acts, however, is so intense and forcible that the shortcomings, such as they are, of the last act are readily condoned. *Aristocracy* scored an unmistakable success with press and public, and in this instance it would seem that Mr. Howard has almost accomplished the impossible in compassing at the same time both a popular and artistic success. Mr. Howard is to be congratulated on the intelligent appreciation which has been shown his work, and the American public is to be congratulated on possessing a dramatic author who possesses honest convictions and strength of purpose, and who has also the courage as well as the ability to express them. Would that there were more like him!

Mr. Hammerstein's new Manhattan Opera-house proved to be a greater success than either the play or the actors chosen to open it. Mrs. Bernard-Beere, who recently made her first bow to an American audience, has considerable local reputation of the Mrs. Langtry type. While not devoid of dramatic ability, Mrs. Beere is by no means a great actress, and, indeed, under certain conditions, can hardly be reckoned a good one. She has that kind of a personality, both in her appearance and in her art, which, attractive to some people, is absolutely repellent to others. Her bodily stage appearance recalls Miss Eastlake, and she has one fault as an actress which can hardly be condoned in any woman on the stage—she flops. Her choice of a play in which to appear was hardly fortunate, as *Lena Despard*, a play formerly known under the title of *As in a Looking-glass*—and formerly given in America by Mrs. Langtry—was familiarly dreary and uninteresting. As Mrs. Beere has appeared to undoubted advantage and made several pronounced successes on the English stage, it would be perhaps fair to await her impersonation of a more congenial character, in a more interesting play, before critically gauging her success, at least so far as the American public is concerned.

A glance over the contemporaneous stage at the present time is suggestive of a good many interesting thoughts in respect to the state and condition of dramatic art and the stage in America at the present time. In the first place, one would note the continued and remarkable success of Mr. Joseph Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*, a play now more than a quarter of a century old; but time does not seem to change or custom or long acquaintance stale the infinite variety and charm of the character of Rip, or the wonderful art of its creator, Mr. Jefferson. The above fact would seem to point forcibly a first thought—that art of any kind to be enduring *must* be human, akin to and attune to actual living, breathing human nature.

Mr. Daly's contemplated return to the legitimate drama by a series of revivals of old standard comedies would suggest another thought, which is that the American people, who go to the theatre for the most part for recreation, have so much of the material and commonplace in their every-day life, that as education and cultivation increases and spreads, they are not at all averse to a little contrast in their recreation, and are now perhaps quite as willing to have their emotions touched as to have their risibles excited. This announced interregnum in the reign of farce-comedy is, to say the least, suggestive.

In the way of musical events, there would seem to be but little of importance to chronicle. Mascagni's new opera, *Le Rantzan*, which was referred to last week, has been produced in Florence, and is said to be full of dramatic power, beautiful melodies, and masterful orchestration; altogether it is reported as being as superior to *L'Amico Fritz*, although of the same genre, as *Cavalleria Rusticana* was superior to that work. Now that opera from all appearances is, for the present at any rate, dead in New York, it may be some time before we in this country will be afforded an opportunity of hearing this most interesting work of the most promising operatic composer of his day.

It is said that the greatest possible excitement exists in Italy over the approaching production of Verdi's *Falstaff*. This is practically Verdi's first essay in the field of comic opera, and the attempt of a man of his age to inaugurate for himself an entirely new line of work is necessarily attended with intense interest. As it has been found impossible to bring out the new work, as was at first intended, on December 26th, the first representation will not be given until some time after the middle of January.

The operatic situation in London, where melody and singing as represented by Verdi is at a discount, and where Wagner and all his works reign supreme, is curious. A well-known London critic comments on this unusual situation as follows: "Von Bülow, who once contemptuously refused the name of music to Verdi's works, has recanted in terms which would hardly have been out of place if addressed to Wagner, and men who now talk of him as of a tuneful trifler who has only half redeemed a misspent life by the addition of the clever artificialities which are noticeable in *Aida* and *Otello* to the power and freedom of his earlier works, will change their tone when his operas are once more seriously studied by great artists." Possibly, however, if the reign of the music drama continues indefinitely, the great artists will not be present to study these works, as the decline in the art of singing may be said to date from the time when Wagner's operatic works, or music dramas, began to be universally popular.

In respect to what was said last week in regard to the young English composer, it would be fair to say that two new works by the younger generation have recently made a profound impression in England. One is a new symphony by Mr. Fred Cliffe, recently given with emphatic success at the Crystal Palace; another is a one-act music melodrama called *Caedmon*, by a young Welsh composer, Mr. Bantock Pierpont. His music is termed an enthusiastic and ingenious piece of work, and nothing less than an adaptation of most of the fetching passages from all of Wagner's later dramas to a little poem, in which Tristan, Siegmund, Siegfried, Hunding, Isolde, and Sieglind are aptly concentrated into three persons and an hour's music. The plot, while simple, is rather curious, and may be quoted with interest.

A pious knight-errant on his wanderings happens into the Garden of Eden, and there falls asleep. Eve, in consequence of a misunderstanding with Adam, temporarily deserts him, and finds in the dormant knight-errant just the very thing that she has been wanting all along, namely, relief from the society of Adam. An impressive love scene, *à la* Tristan and Isolde, follows, and the couple retire. During their absence an intermezzo, *à la* Mascagni, is greeted with much applause, as intermezzi are now distinctly the thing. This particular intermezzo serves as an accompaniment to a dance of Edenesque elves. The pair of lovers return, and, not unnaturally, are remonstrated with by Adam, who now appears. Shortly after Adam and Eve retire again, leaving the knight-errant alone on the stage to pray the curtain down, which he promptly does. The whole piece is described as being decidedly second-hand—meaning that its author is plagiaristically inclined.

The whole question of so-called plagiarism is viewed generally to-day from a somewhat mistaken stand-point. To do anything at all one must study, and to study so as to effect any notable result, one must study in a good school; and if, after study in such a school, the student does not show some evidence of knowing what he has been taught, his study does not, surely, amount to very much. Tell a literary man that his style resembles Macaulay's, and he will take off his hat to you in appreciation of the compliment; but tell a musician that his instrumentation is Wagnerian, or his style Sullivanesque, and he wants to knock you down for insulting him. Why what is rightly a compliment in either case should be universally considered a derogatory statement almost amounting to insult in one, is a little difficult to understand. Perhaps some competent critic will kindly explain.

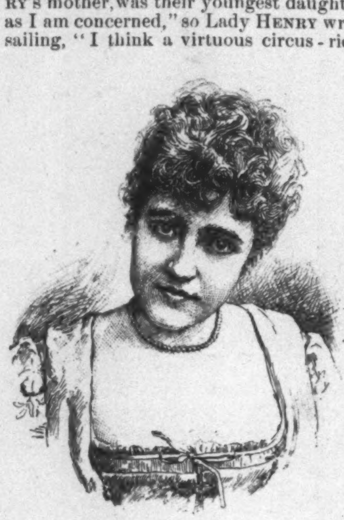
The eminent English baritone, Mr. Santley, has recently, and without provocation, published a volume of *Musical Recollections*. As Mr. Santley begins by declaring in his preface that he has nothing to say, and as the subject-matter of the book—which is a series of rambling and somewhat pointless reminiscences of concerts and concert-singers—amply bears him out in this statement, the *raison d'être* of this little volume is somewhat difficult to discover. Advice to self-respecting celebrities (other than literary): Beware of Recollections for Revenue only.

It is pleasant to note from the cordial and appreciative reception accorded Mr. George Grossmith, the well-known English comedian and humorist, on his recent début before an American audience, that horse-play comedies and comedians have not entirely destroyed our appreciation and enjoyment of legitimate wit and humor, and keen though kindly satire artistically and entertainingly employed.

Reginald de Koven.

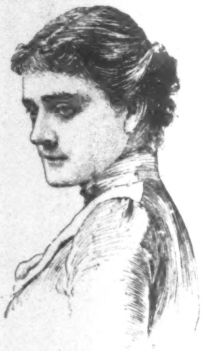
PERSONAL.

A number of American papers have been printing a paragraph concerning the maternal grandmother of Lady **Henry Somerset**, who sailed this week with Miss **Frances Willard** for England, to whom they refer as a circus-rider. This is interesting, but not true. Lady **Henry**'s mother is the Countess **Somers**. Her mother was the daughter of the Chevalier **de l'Etang**, who was attached to the court of **Louis XVI**. When his monarch was put in the Bastile **de l'Etang** fled to Pondicherry. There Mademoiselle **de l'Etang** married Mr. **Pattle**, one of the founders of the East India Company, and the Countess **Somers**, Lady **Henry**'s mother, was their youngest daughter but one. "As far as I am concerned," so Lady **Henry** wrote to a friend before sailing, "I think a virtuous circus-rider may be as good a grandmother as any other." The paragraphs, however, annoyed Lady **Somers**, who, by-the-way, is to visit the World's Fair next year with her daughter.



MISS AGNES HUNTINGTON.

—The marriage of Miss **Agnes Huntington** to Mr. **Paul Drennan Cravath**, of New York city, robs the comic-opera stage of a prima donna who helped to elevate and to make her profession better through her simply remaining a member of it. She had, and has a magnificent voice and stage presence, and though she never made the popular success in her own country that she made in England, we could have better spared certain prime donne whose success has been more pronounced. The marriage of Miss **Phœbe Russell** to **R. Humfreys Roberts**, at about the same time, does not rob the stage of an actress, as Miss **Russell** had already left it, but recalls the success which she enjoyed when she appeared for a too short period as a member of Mr. **Daly**'s company. Miss **Russell** was educated at Farmington, and was one of the most prominent young women in society at Buffalo, and a sister of Mrs. **John Glenny**.



MISS PHŒBE RUSSELL.

—The artist **C. Dana Gibson**, who is one of the cleverest social satirist of the day in this country, had his first sketch printed only six years ago. He is hardly more than twenty-five, but his pencil has already earned him the title of the American Du Maurier. One noticeable feature of Mr. **Gibson**'s work is the correctness of attire and the naturalness of pose of the *dramatis personæ*, so to say, of his cuts, and this result is attained by the artist's practice of introducing his friends into his work as models.

A GENTLE CONSPIRACY.

(*Continued from page* 1138.)

know the firm, say that Warren & Jenkins are young and ambitious, just starting in business, and desirous of making a mark with their first book."

"When did you think this all out?" asked Patience, as she brought the ill-used manuscript of *Truths of the Soul*.

Gilbert shook his head. "An inspiration," he answered, lightly. "But I must hurry along. The junior partner does all the work, you know. That's business."

When Gilbert reached the street he gave a little sideway step expressive of delight.

"Capital!" he remarked to himself. "I've only got sixty dollars, but that 'll do something. I'll go into illustrative work again if necessary. I can get the money that way. Patience and I—partners! Well, we'll keep up the firm later under the name of Gilbert, and publish a marriage notice the first thing. I hope the old gentleman will live to read his book—for Patience's sake. Great Cæsar! how quickly everything resolves itself into one motive—for Patience!"

When Patience went back into her grandfather's room the old man was lying with his eyes turned on the door, and he beckoned to her. "The—book," he said, with difficulty.

Patience nodded, and sat down beside him. "The book is going to be printed," she said, slowly and distinctly. "A young firm" (she colored at the words) "have taken it, and the proofs of the first pages will be done before long."

"If—I—can—see—the—first—page—in—type," gasped the Professor—"I—can—die—happy."

"No, grandpa," she said, brokenly, "you will see it all, and read it, and enjoy the success. There is no doubt now."

The old man smiled faintly, and closed his eyes to sleep. Patience sat beside him, thinking over Gilbert's kindness to her. He had become like an old, old friend within the past few days, and she wondered what she would have done without him. Gilbert at that time was interviewing the printer, and Patience would have started as Gilbert had done if she had known the cost of setting up a book in type. But Gilbert did not withdraw; he became only a little cautious. He ordered the first chapter of the book set up at once. He thought that one chapter might serve all purposes.

"The firm will be bankrupt," he said, "but the firm's happy. It's not going to worry itself over money matters. This portion of it never did and never will."

Gilbert called again and reported progress, and each day came to inquire after the patient, bringing offerings in the shape of flowers, and at other times moulds of jelly of such size as would have lasted a sick person a whole week. Patience was pleased at the evidence of love for her grandfather, but warned Gilbert once or twice that she had been obliged to partake of the jellies, owing to the quantity received, and, strange to say, Gilbert continued in his extravagant ways, not reducing the supply in the least. The Professor meanwhile continued rapidly to improve.

At last a dozen pages of *Truths of the Soul* were in type, and Gilbert brought them around with a feeling of satisfaction.

"How funny it looks!" commented Patience, as she glanced at the title-page and read, "Warren & Jenkins, Publishers, New York."

"First-rate," said Gilbert, in a positive tone. "That was a brilliant idea of mine."

"It was more than brilliant," corrected Patience; "it was—" She hesitated here, and then added, "Will you wait a moment, while I take these pages up to grandpa?"

The old man was watching the door as Patience came in with the pages. His natural good-nature had been sorely tried by his sickness, and he had become irritable and peevish, much to the surprise and sorrow of Patience.

"I thought you had forgotten all about me," whined the invalid, in jerky tones.

"Oh no, grandpa," was the gentle answer. "I have brought you the first pages of your book. Mr. Gilbert got them from the printer this morning."

The thin hand of the old man grasped the pages greedily and nervously.

"Let me arrange your pillows," suggested his nurse; and the Professor was propped up in bed.

His eyes were unnaturally bright, and the pages trembled in his grasp. He looked hurriedly over the dozen pages, and then turned to Patience. "I want to see the young man who brought these," he said, peevishly.

"Mr. Gilbert," corrected Patience. "I will bring him up."

"You—you must excuse grandpa," said the girl, as she led Gilbert to the room. "He is—that is, he has changed a great deal."

"Naturally," answered Gilbert. "Sick folks are not to be judged by healthy standards."

But, notwithstanding these reassuring words, Patience felt nervous over the interview.

"Ah, Gilbert!" said the Professor, as the young man entered, hardly looking up from the pages. "You brought these around, eh? Well, what's the matter with those fellows? They seem awfully slow."

Patience was standing at the other side of the bed, and she felt her cheeks crimson, while her hands grew cold, and she looked at Gilbert wistfully, as though seeking to apologize for her grandfather.

"Yes," assented Gilbert, "they are very slow, I must confess. But, you see" (he racked his brains for a mild excuse) —"you see, the book is so very important that it can't be hurried. It's easier to make mistakes than to correct them."

"True, true," answered the Professor, greatly mollified. "Rome wasn't built in a day, eh?"

Truly, thought Gilbert, the change in the old man was wonderful. He had aged wonderfully since the attack, and was a different person. There was silence in the room for a few moments. The Professor read over each page slowly, giving vent to an occasional murmur of approbation. Once Gilbert looked up and caught Patience's eye, and they both smiled. When the Professor came to the end of the last sheet he turned to Gilbert.

"Why do they stop right here?" he whined. "The last words are, 'the Phœnicians held'—now what did they hold?"

Gilbert smiled blankly.

"What was it, child?" continued the old man, addressing Patience. "What did the Phœnicians hold?"

Patience hesitated a moment.

"What was it?" again whined the patient.

"I think it was some peculiar views on the subject of immortality," answered the girl, sweetly.

"Of course," fairly snarled the old man; "that's what I say in the introduction: All religious views of one people seem peculiar to all others."

"Well," said Gilbert, in a soothing tone, "we'll have those next pages hurried, so as to find out all about them."

"What have you got to say about it, anyway?" returned the author. "Don't go making trouble. I'll send Miss Lester down to see the publishers, so as not to take your time."

Gilbert looked up at Patience with a twinkle in his eye. "Well, you see, the firm are particular friends of mine and right by my studio—I see both of them every day—so it's no trouble at all."

"Very well," said the old man, shortly, "you may give them my message."

Gilbert bowed himself out of the room, followed by Patience.

"He doesn't understand, you know," she sought to explain, sadly; "but you are the means of helping him along. These pages will make him better, but he is tired now."

"My dear girl," said Gilbert, taking her hands in order (it may be supposed) to show any absence of displeasure, "I don't mind it in the least. I'll have the Phœnicians' views put in cold type at once. I am only sorry for you."

Patience sighed, and said, simply, "He is my grandfather."

"And if he wasn't," remarked Jenkins, the junior partner, to himself as he went out, "there would be a dissolution of a young publishing firm mighty quick. D—— the Phœnicians! It'll cost like thunder to renew their views at once. What an old crank he is, and how beautifully she bears up with him! Poor little girl!" And then the junior partner, having thus pleasantly diverted his thoughts, retained the subject of them, and indulged in architectural efforts of air.

For a week the printers were hurried with the book, and several chapters were set up. The Professor improved in strength and amiability, and Patience reflected all the joy and gladness that were hers. Once or twice she mentioned the expense, but Gilbert laughed at the idea, and said he needed some good investment; but to his thinking every dollar he paid out was a dollar lost forever. He did very little work, and once when he had left some proofs at the house, and had seen the poor old Professor beaming and good-natured, he said to himself: "I actually believe the old gentleman's going to get well. I might do better as an M.D. than as an N.A." But the money grew short, and one day when he had paid the printer he ordered him to stop work on the book for a while. Gilbert had paid out all his ready cash, and was angry with himself. "Confound it!" he said, "I've got to go into illustrating now, and, meanwhile, must confess to Patience." The thought was decidedly annoying, but Gilbert was not the man to hesitate.

"I'd like to see your grandfather," he said, as he delivered the last pages to Patience, "because we'll have to wait a while for further proofs. I—that is—some money I expected has been delayed, and—and it is necessary to go slow for the present."

Patience looked at him with a troubled face.

"You misunderstand me," he said, quickly, before she could speak. "It's an investment for me, purely business, but—you see—unforeseen circumstances have tied me up for a while. It's all right; I've got a good excuse."

"You are very good," answered Patience, slowly, as though an idea had just explained itself. "I should never have allowed you to begin."

"But it saved your grandfather's life," interrupted Gilbert, hastily. "The doctor says so—and what else could you do?"

"Nothing," admitted Patience, sadly and reluctantly. "It was very good of you."

Gilbert took her hand. "You want me to be honest with you," he said, looking into her face, "and I am honest; the suspension of the firm is only temporary. Now, if you make any objections, I'll confess all to your grandfather. Shall I?"

"No," replied Patience, filial love predominant. "I trust you."

"All right," said Gilbert, decisively.

He was admitted to the Professor, who was sitting up in bed, going over the pages of his beloved book for the thousandth time.

"Ah, Gilbert!" he said, cheerily, with a return to his natural manner. "Doing splendidly; everything is progressing. How are you? Do you know, I've been thinking the matter over, and I want to thank you for your kindness to me and Patience. You've been a very good friend in need, and to show my appreciation I'm going to dedicate half my book to you." The Professor said this in a tone of triumph, and Gilbert felt humbled to the ground. He realized the favor of the poor old man. "Of course," continued the author, "I must not forget Patience. How will this do? This book is affectionately dedicated to—by-the-way, have you a middle name?"

Patience started and looked frightened.

"Yes," said Gilbert, "but I never use it; just Frank Gilbert is what everybody knows."

"So," remarked the Professor. "Well, this book is affectionately dedicated to my granddaughter, Patience Warren Lester, and to my good friend Frank Gilbert. How's that, eh? Write it down."

"It is certainly very good in you," answered Gilbert, deeply touched. "I cannot—"

"That reminds me," went on the old man. "Who's this Warren, anyway? Some of your mother's family are in New York, you know, Patience, and maybe the head of the firm is a relative of yours. I'll look him up when I get well. Is he young?" he added, turning to Gilbert.

"Yes," returned the artist, "quite young, and rather ambitious, I might say. You see, the firm went into business with a very small capital, and their immediate available funds having been exhausted, the printers went on a strike; or, I might say, they would go on a strike if they weren't paid promptly; so they have to suspend the setting up of your book for a very little while—a few days only. That's what I came to tell you. It's merely a temporary suspension."

Gilbert had watched Patience during this explanation, and the strike business was amended to do away with further deception, the horror of which was expressed by her face. To abolish the strike rather nonplussed Gilbert, for he had intended each day to report its progress in lurid colors until he had some more money. It would permit him to extend his visits.

"Of course," rejoined the Professor, pleasantly and promptly; "I understand. These labor unions are very formidable; I have read about them. Assure Messrs. Warren & Jenkins that I am perfectly satisfied, and consent to wait. I have sufficient to keep me busy. Do you know, Gilbert, that these first three chapters will have to be rewritten? I am not satisfied with them, and I must wait until I get up. There's no hurry now. Is that satisfactory?"

"Oh yes, grandpa," assented Patience, gladly.

"This little girl thinks that she can answer for publishers," remarked the old man, playfully, turning to Gilbert, "but wait until she has had experience, as I have. I am very happy," added the Professor, with a light sigh. "The world is very good, and I have two stanch adherents." He held both hands, and clasped those of Patience and Gilbert. The latter, looking at the girl, saw her eyes filled with tears. "Good children, both of you," repeated the old man after a moment.

Then Gilbert went away, saying nothing to the girl as he took her hand in parting, but he knew that they understood each other.

It was evening as Gilbert went forth—a cool, damp evening, and he was quiet and subdued. But with it there was a feeling of perfect contentment, and when he got back to his studio he sat down before the sketch of Patience and smoked his pipe, and was happy.

The next day he started out to see about doing some illustrative work that had been offered him. On the way he stopped a moment to see Patience, according to his daily practice. The landlady met him in the hall.

"The poor old gentleman," she said, with a sob in her voice, "he passed away in the night, and Miss Lester's like a statue frozen stiff."

"Take me to her," ordered Gilbert.

There was no response as the landlady knocked at the door of the room, and after a moment she opened it. Gilbert saw the tall stately figure standing by the bedside, and his heart beat wildly. He went over to her.

"Patience," he said, softly.

"Grandpa's gone," cried the girl, her eyes dry, and her face white. "I have no one."

"Patience," said Gilbert, in a constrained voice, "you have me."

She looked fixedly at him, his arms were outheld, and in a moment she lay sobbing on his shoulder.

The gentle conspiracy was revealed to all.

NO WONDER THEY GROAN.

GROANING is permissible to the rheumatic. But the groans will soon cease when they take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which relieves the agonizing malady with gratifying promptitude. Indigestion, constipation, malarial ailments, sick headache, biliousness, nervousness, and a lack of physical stamina are among the ailments overcome by this comprehensive remedy.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist sell it.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA produces a feeling of lightness as against that of weight and headache, so common with ordinary cocoas.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS make health and rosy cheeks and happiness.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"At BANQUETS, Clubs, and in homes APOLLINARIS Natural Table Water is ever a welcome guest"

N. Y. Times, Mar. 10, '92.

A Ruddy Glow

on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is getting proper nourishment. When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down.

Scott's Emulsion

taken immediately arrests waste, regardless of the cause. Consumption must yield to treatment that stops waste and builds flesh anew. *Almost as palatable as milk.*

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Ruszti asszú.
Ménesi asszú.

The Most Effective Tonics.

DELICIOUS, GUARANTEED PURE HUNGARIAN MEDICINAL WINES.

Highly recommended by all medical authorities of America and Europe.

SAMUEL LENCK, Oedenburg, Hungary.
(*Established* 1792.)

For Sale at all leading Grocers', Druggists', and Wine Merchants'.

General Depot for New York,
Hossfeld & Wierl, 39 Broad Street, N. Y.

YOU DON'T KNOW THE LUXURY OF PIPE SMOKING UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED

YALE MIXTURE

SMOKING TOBACCO.

MADE BY MARBURG BROS.

H.C.CURTIS & CO'S
LYNDALL
TROY N.Y.
"CLEM"
TRADE MARK
FOR FULL DRESS

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

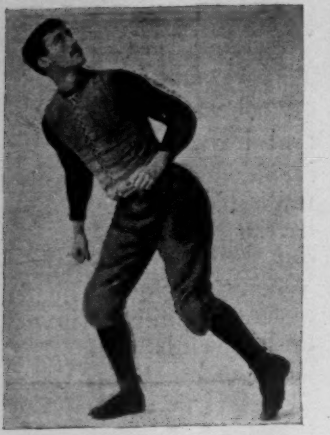
Harper's Catalogue,

Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

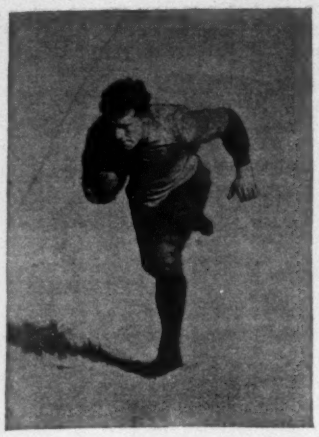
AGENTS WANTED—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

THE INK used on this paper is manufactured by FREDK. H. LEVEY & CO., 59 Beekman Street, N. Y.

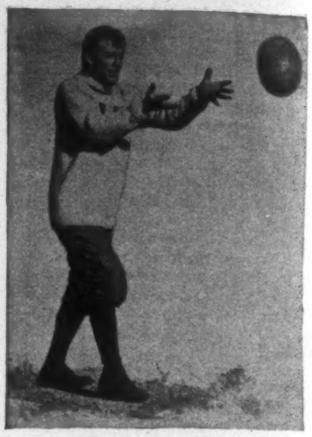


HALLOWELL (HARVARD)
Going down Field on Kick.

WINTER (YALE)
Running with Ball.

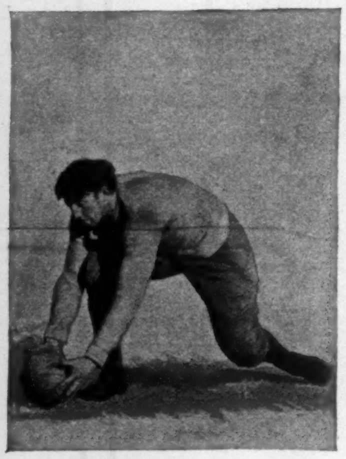


LAKE (HARVARD)
Running with Ball.

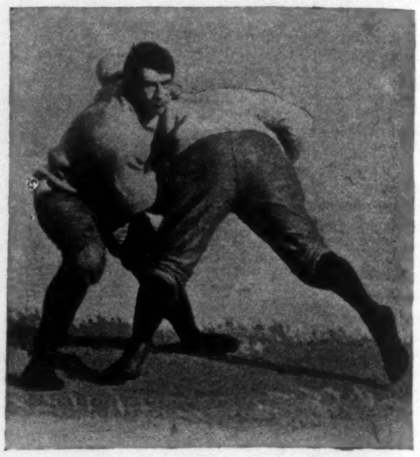


BREWER (HARVARD)
Making a Catch.

NEWELL (HARVARD)
Making a Low Tackle.

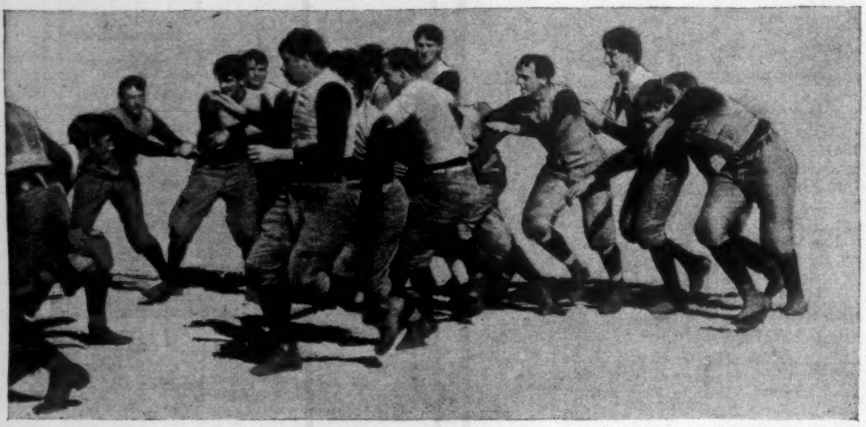


TRAFFORD (HARVARD)
Receiving Ball from Snap Back.



WATERS (HARVARD)
Blocking Off.

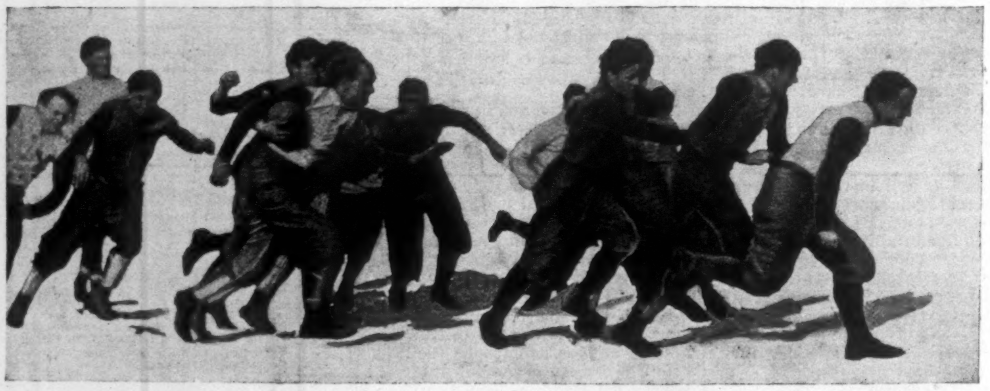
HOMANS (PRINCETON)
Punting.



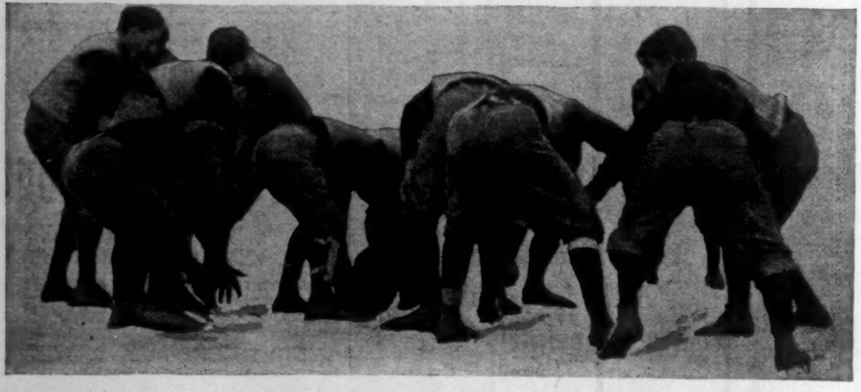
THE PRINCETON WEDGE IN ACTION.

L. BLISS (YALE)
Running with Ball.

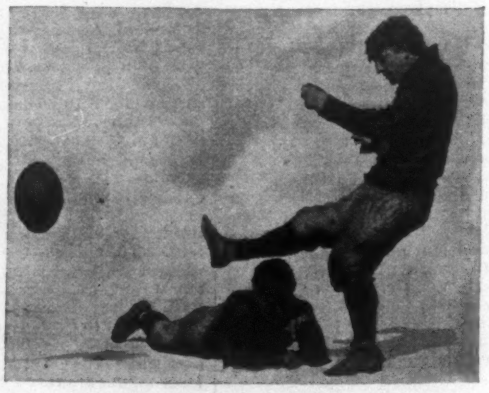
TRENCHARD (PRINCETON)
Falling on the Ball.



L. BLISS GOING AROUND THE END BEHIND INTERFERENCE OF McCORMICK, BUTTERWORTH, AND GRAVES.



PRINCETON—PUTTING THE BALL IN PLAY.



KING (PRINCETON) KICKING A GOAL.

A PAGE OF FOOTBALL STARS.

THE BEST COUGH-CURE

and anodyne expectorant,

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

soothes the inflamed membrane and induces sleep.

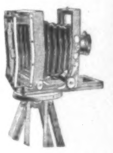
Prompt to Act

sure to cure.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Manufacturers and Importers of



PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS,

MATERIALS, CHEMICALS, AND SUPPLIES.

Detective and view Cameras in great variety of styles and prices. Lenses, shutters, dry plates, etc., etc.

THE BEST TEXT-BOOKS ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

Free use of dark room on main floor of our store.

Fifty Years Established. Send for Catalogue.

EMERSON PIANOS

60.000 SOLD

43 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

SWEET TONED. SOLD ON MERIT.

MODERATE PRICES, TERMS REASONABLE

EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED.

CATALOGUES FREE.

EMERSON PIANO CO.,

174 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS. | 92 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

We Aim to Kill the Germs of Disease.

PURE BLOOD means Vigor, Energy, Life. **Catarrh, Bronchitis, Nerve Waste, Consumption** and **General Debility** are results of impure blood. **AERATED OXYGEN** cures these ailments. Its history is interesting. Its efficacy marvelous. *SEND FOR PAMPHLET.*

Home Office,

AERATED OXYGEN COMPOUND CO.,

NASHUA, N. H.

Chicago Office: 3 & 4 CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

New York Office: 19 BEEKMAN STREET.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.

A DELICIOUS

REMEDY

FOR ALL FORMS OF

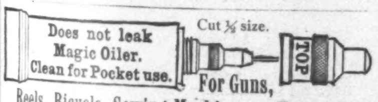
INDIGESTION.

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.

CAUTION—See that the name **Beeman** is on each wrapper.

ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.



Does not leak Magic Oiler. Clean for Pocket use.

Cut ½ size.

For Guns, Reels, Bicycle, Sewing-Machine, or Typewriter.

Places a drop of oil precisely where it is needed, or flows freely if required. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents by

THE METAL TURNING CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

18th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.

By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.

A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.

"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

MAGIC LANTERNS

AND VIEWS for Home or Public Use. The BEST in the world. Send for Catalogue.

MARCY SCIOPTICON CO., 1008 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

KODAK

The Junior Kodaks

can be used *as hand or tripod cameras with either roll film or glass plates. Fitted with focusing index and register for exposures. Best Lens; best finish.*

$40 and $50.

Eastman Kodak Co.,

Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK

PLAYS-For-**PLAYS**

Amateur Theatricals, Temperance Plays, Drawing-Room Plays, Fairy Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Guide Books, Speakers, Pantomimes, Charades, Jarley's Wax Works, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, and Paper Scenery. New Catalogues, containing many novelties, full description and prices sent FREE! FREE!

T. H. FRENCH, 28 West 23d St., N. Y.

When writing, please mention this publication.

CANCER HAVE NEVER FAILED TO EFFECT A PERMANENT CURE WHERE WE HAVE HAD THE FIRST OR REASONABLE OPPORTUNITY FOR TREATMENT. References and complete information free.

THE BERKSHIRE HILLS SANATORIUM. **CANCER**

DRS. W. E. BROWN & SON, NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

Financial.

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,

BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

WARRANTS of CITIES AND COUNTIES in OREGON and WASHINGTON drawing 8 TO 10% our specialty. Highest courts decide them **Safe as Bonds** if properly issued. We have some very desirable issues in amounts to suit. Write for details. WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT CO. Investment Bankers, Fairhaven, Washington. EASTERN OFFICE, 31 EQUITABLE BUILDING, BOSTON.

THE BOND BOX of many an Eastern investor contains securities from our office. We handle only **Safe Investments** paying good rates of interest. Write us for list and circulars. **FAIRHAVEN,** Washington.

GAMWELL & WARNER, Investment Bankers.

10% NET TO INVESTORS! on FIRST MORTGAGE Improved Property Loans. Titles guaranteed. Personal attention given to every detail. Best references. Send for sample notes and mortgage used.

JOSEPH P. BACHE, Salt Lake City, Utah.

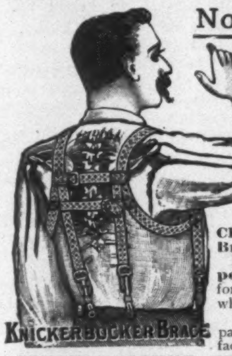
MEN, AND WOMEN sometimes, have $25, $100, $1,000, or $10,000 to invest where it will earn **20 per cent. per month** in cash dividends. Send for "Investors Book." It will cost you nothing. GEO. M. IRWIN & Co., Bankers and Brokers, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A CENT SENT BENT.

Manufacturer of **"CROWN"** PIANOS AND ORGANS.

WELL SPENT, is a cent sent to Bent, (your address, on postal) if you wish a Piano or Organ I want verses about the **"Crown"** goods, and give Pianos, Organs, etc., for the best ones. Ask and learn how it's done. Catalogue free. **GEO. P. BENT,** (Clerk No. 2), Chicago, Ill. (Estab. 1870).

No More Round Shoulders.



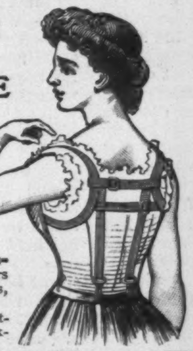
KNICKERBOCKER SHOULDER-BRACE

and Suspender Combined.

Expands the Chest; prevents Round Shoulders. A perfect Skirt-Supporter for Ladies. No harness—simple—unlike all others. All sizes for **Men, Women, Boys,** and **Girls. Cheapest and only reliable Shoulder-Brace.** Easily adjusted and worn with comfort.

It is a **Combined Shoulder-Brace and Suspender.** It provides new and improved suspenders for men's pants, and supporters for ladies' underskirts, which do the double duty of holding up and bracing up.

Sold by Druggists and General Stores, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of **$1** per pair, plain, or **$1.50,** silk-faced. Send chest measure around the body. Address



KNICKERBOCKER BRACE COMPANY, Easton, Pa. N. A. JOHNSON, President.

A Good Game is the "White Label" Puree of Soup Game. "White Label" Soups are the only indisputably correct conserved soups.

Send 10 cents and address of your grocer for sample can.

ARMOUR PACKING CO.

17 Varieties. Soup Department,

KANSAS CITY, MO.

AUSABLE HORSE NAIL CO.

4 Warren St. New York.

Manufacturers of Horse Nails.

COPYING the OLD FASHIONED HAND PROCESS which was FORGING BLANKS HOT from end of rod and COLD HAMMER POINTING by the SHOER. See that your farrier uses nothing but the celebrated HOT FORGED & COLD HAMMER POINTED AUSABLE NAILS if you want your horses to have sound feet.

Forged Hot from end of rod—thus—

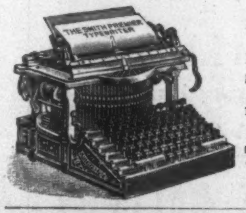
and COLD HAMMER POINTED.

AUSABLE NAILS speak for themselves.

SAMPLES AND PRICES ON APPLICATION.

"Improvement the Order of the Age."

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER.



Progressive men purchase improved machinery, thereby obtaining greater facilities for accomplishing good results.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. has just received from the U. S. War Department, Washington, an order for 150 machines, the largest order ever given for typewriters by any government or corporation.

This decision was based upon the many improvements and the superior mechanical excellence of the Smith Premier over all other typewriters.

Send for our Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

We have 19 branch offices in the principal cities throughout the United States.

The most perfect toilet powder is

LA **VELOUTINE FAY**

Special Poudre de Riz

Prepared with bismuth by *CH. FAY, Perfumer,* 9, r. de la Paix, Paris

USE NONE OTHER

Caution.—None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

"USE THE SOAP PUSSY"

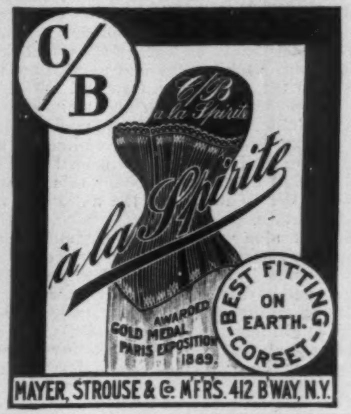
Kirk's Shandon Bells Toilet Soap.

LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

An Ideal Complexion Soap.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers, or if unable to procure this **Wonderful Soap** send **25 cents** in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago



C/B
C/B à la Spirite
à la Spirite
AWARDED GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION 1889.
BEST FITTING CORSET ON EARTH.

MAYER, STROUSE & Co. MFRS. 412 B'WAY, N.Y.

· DELICIOUS · NEW · PERFUME ·

THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO'S

CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS

and the celebrated

CROWN LAVENDER SALTS

Sold Everywhere. Reject Counterfeits.

You buy your varnish on; you are not our customer. Nevertheless we have common interest.

You want durable varnish on your piano, carriage, furniture, house, etc. We make it and want you to have it.

The "People's Text-Book" helps as much as is practicable—sent free.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.,

FRANKLIN MURPHY, President.

Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago.

FISCHER PIANOS. ESTD 1840.

Grand, Upright and Square.

Moderate Prices.

TO RENT, INSTALMENTS, AND EXCHANGED.

5th Ave., cor. 16th St., N.Y.

THE KEELEY TREATMENT

WITH the Double Chloride of Gold Remedies for **ALCOHOLISM, DRUG ADDICTION AND NERVE EXHAUSTION** can be obtained in N. Y. State only at the Keeley Institutes in White Plains, Binghamton, Canandaigua, Westfield, and Babylon, L. I. For terms, address or call at either Institute, or at the following offices: 7 E. 27th St., N. Y. City; Room 10, Chapin Block, Buffalo; 32 Larned Building, Syracuse; Room 8, 55 State St., Albany; 122 Ellwanger & Barry B'ld'g, Rochester. All communications strictly confidential. **BEWARE OF IMITATORS**

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of **10c.**; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 125 West 42nd Street, New York City.

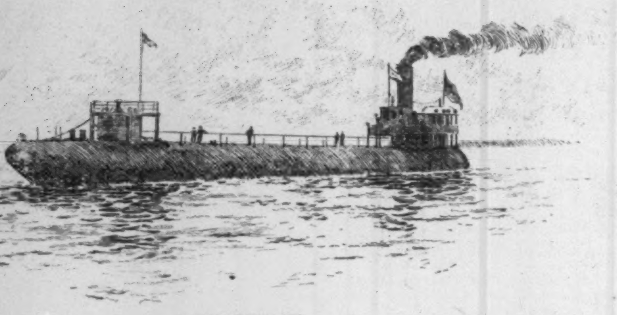
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

SAFETY BICYCLES direct to riders.

We have no agents. 20 standard makes. Highest grade—cushion and pneumatics—full guarantee. If you want to save agent's discounts send 6c. in stamps for particulars and illustrated catalogue.

Direct Dealing Cycle Co., Box 592, BALTIMORE, Md.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $7.50. RIFLES $2.00 WATCHES **GUNS** BICYCLES $15 All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for catalogue to THE POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.



A WHALEBACK.

A STUDY IN FRESH WATER.

In his more than clever characterization, Cooper painted the portrait of more than one land-born, land-reared individual whose ideas about the Great Lakes of America are as meagre, and whose opinions as to the magnitude and the importance of these vast inland seas are fully as dogmatic, not to say pedantic, as those of the pugnacious Captain Cap. Cooper wrote for his day and generation, mayhap, but the lesson he taught Captain Cap and others of his ilk when the storm struck the lake and made a tempest fit for the South Pacific, is a lesson of value. Few Americans to-day, who do not live on the vast shore lines of the Great Lakes, or who are not in any way connected with the lake marine, realize what a wonderful factor this great system has become in the commerce of the nation, or what it promises for the future.

Take it along the line of commerce, and you find the great lake system doing a business of enormous proportions. The lake-man's boast of the few years just past that far more traffic—reaching annually now into the millions of tons—passes through the Sault than through the Suez Canal, is, after all, more than mere boast. It presents a fact of importance to the man who seeks investment; of use to the student or the teacher of economics; of value to the kings of commerce.

There are centuries of cold in noble Superior, not cumulative cold, making for glacier or berg, but the conservative cold which, month of summer or month of winter, changes not. Each one of these mighty inland seas has its attractions. Huron may be refreshing and Michigan bracing and Erie exhilarating, yet someway Superior seems to me to serve one with the essence of them all.

From the hour you leave Duluth in the edge of the evening—Duluth with her sparkling coronal of lights and her cincture of electric diamonds, with the crescented moon and the star-dusted sky, and the Northland's aurora over all—from that hour until nearly six days later you reach the docks of Buffalo, you shall find your long voyage on the inland seas of America one of the interesting events of a lifetime. If you are searching for health, you shall find ozonic influences to redden your blood; if you are satiated with Old-World scenes, you shall here find interesting change, enchanting variety; if you are a weary brain-worker drooping under some city sun, you shall here find health's reincarnation; if you have an eye to the material and seek the solution of problems economic, you shall find material in what has been done, what is being done, and what is yet to be done in commerce on the shores of these seas sufficient to fill bulky tomes.

Stand a moment with me at the rushing outlet of Superior—stand, if you will, at this last of the locks while a splendid steamer, or a laden schooner and consort, or a curious "whaleback," passes out to the picturesque course of St. Mary's. Through this narrow channel, a child's throw wide, there passes a mighty freightage, so vast the statement of it seems bordering on extravagance if not actual exaggeration. Through Suez, that great highway of the Old World's commerce, pass millions of tons of freight each year, and yet through this slender stream an athlete could almost leap, many more millions are borne. That stupendous success of the tireless De Lesseps is eclipsed by this magnificent token of the New World's enterprise. There may be no cargoes of spices at the Soo, no boat-loads of silks from the looms of the Orient, or of luxuries for the tables of kings, but there are hundreds of thousands of tons of the finest iron ore mined in the world, and hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat, and hundreds of thousands of barrels of flour, to say nothing of great barges of lumber and coal and merchandise sufficient to supply a nation. From the West, with her limitless possibilities, a never-failing stream of natural wealth; from the East, mother of prosperity, manufactured products to supply the needs of the wide rushing West. Through this narrow gateway in the commercial year now closing will have passed a tonnage exceeding that of the great Suez Canal by an amount almost incredible of belief. In the year 1890 over 9,000,000 tons of freight passed the Soo. In the same year the freight of the Suez Canal was over 2,000,000 tons less. The Soo was open but 226 days, too, while the Suez was open 365. The value of the freight which passed the Soo in 1890 was $102,214,948, carried at a total water-carriage cost of $9,472,214. The cost per ton-mile was 1.3 mills. The value of the fleet hauling was $29,635,500. The average haul was 797.2 miles.

Now that the proclamation of President Harrison has practically put a prohibition upon much of the Canadian traffic through this canal, it will be a matter of interest to learn just what effect it will have on the tonnage of 1893. In the year of which we have been speaking, 1890, the total tonnage of the Welland Canal was 1,016,165 net tons, the United States contributing in tonnage, passed through *en route* from our own ports to our own ports, 318,259 tons. As the Canadians have been taking advantage of the Soo with the complacency which is ever characteristic of those who own allegiance to the crown, it will be a matter of surprise if the cause for the issuance of the President's proclamation is not soon removed.

In many ways, when one studies the subject even in a casual manner, the importance of these inland seas rises into prominence. Take, for instance, a comparison of the ocean tonnage of the United States with the tonnage of the northern lakes in the class of boats between 1000 and 2500 tons. In the year referred to above, 1890, the boats of the Great Lakes carried 57 per cent. more than did the boats of the entire seaboard. The lake boats of this class carried 439,787 tons; the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coast boats of the same class, 280,106 tons; the Western rivers, 28,588. The lakes had 272 vessels, the seaboard 185, the rivers 22. The total vessel tonnage of the United States in the same year was 4,424,497 tons, of which the Great Lakes carried 1,063,063 tons. Over 30 per cent. of the lake boats for this traffic have been built in the past four years. The total expense to January 1st of last year for the work on the Soo was $4,170,045 28, and the total cost of all river and harbor improvement on the lakes, $29,000,000. It is shown by shrewd figurers that in this one year there was saved in cost by all-lake transportation $147,027,514 80, and the further fact is set forth that this saving of the year 1890 would have paid 93 per cent. of the river and harbor improvements of the United States from August 1, 1790, to March 3, 1887.

Figures might be given to tiresomeness showing the magnitude of this enormous traffic. And not alone in freight traffic are these great lakes important national factors. The passenger traffic is growing to great proportions. The steamers which carry passengers are loaded to the danger point almost this season. On a trip just taken on the Great Lakes by the writer, a boat which had accommodations for 70 people was made to carry 120, besides her great freight cargo, and so the traffic has kept up all the season. Two magnificent steamers to carry passengers alone, and to cost a half million dollars, are now under contract, or soon will be, to be used by a great Western railroad next season.

For more than two centuries this outlet of Lake Superior, the St. Mary's River, has been utilized for the needs of commerce. As far back as the year 1679, Daniel Duluth transported merchandise through the Sault to the trading post which he established where the city stands to which he gave his name. Over a century and a half from this time the State of Michigan built a lock at the Sault which would pass vessels with a draft of 11 feet and 6 inches. The tonnage of 1,700,000 tons, passed in 1880, has been increased to over 9,000,000 tons by the building of the new government lock. What is now imperatively needed, in the interests of both the East and the West, is the deepening of the river and all portions of connecting passages so that boats drawing 20 feet of water may pass uninterruptedly from Duluth or Chicago to Buffalo.

The vast importance of the Great Lakes to the United States in case of war need not here be more than referred to. Possessing a shore line of great length, with fine harbors and an abundance of material ever at hand for ship-construction, the Great Lakes may some day play a very important part in the defensive or offensive acts of this country.

Taken in any light, this splendid system of inland seas, the most remarkable in point of size and contiguity in the world, is of immense importance to this nation of ours; the wonder is we know so little about it.

W. S. Harwood.

A GENIUS.

Bill MacGavern was a "genius," in a quiet sort of way;
Some fine morning he'd be famous (so his mother used to say).
He could fix a clock, and fiddle, and a lot of other things,
And he made himself a "gitar," and could twang upon the strings.
He could pick out "Annie Laurie," and the chords of "Belle Mahone,"
And would sit and sing at evening in a soothing undertone,
With his dreamy gaze directed to a pale senescent star,
While he milked the mournful music from his primitive guitar.

Well, the years went by, and somehow Bill remained about the same,
Though his mother died believing he was on the road to fame.
Bill was full of dreams and notions, but achievements seemed to lag;
Bill was fond of Alice Holeman, but he married 'Mantha Bragg.
Still he picks out "Annie Laurie," and the chords of "Belle Mahone,"
And he sings them to the babies in a soothing undertone;
And perhaps, sometimes, at evening, as he twangs his old guitar,
William's vision is directed to a pale senescent star.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FURS.

F. BOOSS & BRO.,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,
Invite their customers and the public to attend their 40th Annual Exhibit of FINE FURS.

Special attention has been given to make this the grandest display of new designs ever before presented, including all the latest styles in SEAL REEFERS, TOP COATS, COVERT COATS, MILITARY CAPES, WINDSOR CAPES, AND SHOULDER CAPES, COMBINED WITH RUSSIAN AND HUDSON BAY SABLE, MINK, AND PERSIAN LAMB. NOVELTIES IN LADIES' WEAR, CRAVATS, STOLES, MUFFS, AND CLEOPATRA BOAS.
ALSO EVERY VARIETY OF FUR TRIMMINGS.

A full line of GENTLEMEN'S FURS, OVERCOATINGS, DRIVING GLOVES, CAPS, and MUFFLERS, COACHMAN'S CAPS, CAPES, COLLARS, GLOVES, SLEIGH ROBES, &c. A large assortment of HALL and PARLOR RUGS.

We show all the popular styles and effects in everything that is new. All goods made on the premises, by skilful designers and of the best workmanship. OUR FURS ARE ABOVE THE AVERAGE IN EXCELLENCE AND ARE OFFERED AT VERY MODERATE PRICES.
ALL GOODS WARRANTED.

Specialties in Russian Sable.

F. BOOSS & BRO.,
449 Broadway and 26 Mercer St.,
FOUR DOORS BELOW GRAND ST.
Telephone, 388 Spring.

Arnold Constable & Co

LYONS SILKS.

Moire Antique, Figured, Striped, and Chameleon Effects; Brocaded Satins and Silks; Ombre, Glace, and Figured Silks; Striped Silks, Taffetas, and Surah Plaids; White Satin, Faille, Moire Antique, Veloutine

FOR WEDDING GOWNS.

Grenadine, Gaze, and Plisse Crepe for Evening and Ball Dresses. Ombre, Glace, and Plain Colored

VELVETS.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK CITY.

We are Manufacturers of, Importers and Dealers in,
STEREOPTICONS,
Gas-Making Apparatus.
100,000 Lantern Slides in Stock.
Lantern Slides to Order.
McINTOSH
Battery & Optical Co.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
☞ Mention this paper.
Write for Catalogue.

THE NEW NECK-BOA,

with head and claws in perfect representation of the animal, in all leading fashionable furs. Genuine mink, $5; better grade, $8; and the handsomest for $10. Genuine Hudson's Bay sable, good quality, $10; better for $15; handsome for $20; very handsome, $25; and the darkest and choicest for $30. These prices are from $2 to $5 less than the regular market price on mink, and from $5 to $10 on sable boas. All leading styles of sealskin garments and fashionable furs of every description at lowest possible prices for reliable goods. Mail orders promptly filled.

Fashion book mailed free.

C. C. SHAYNE,
Manufacturing Furrier,
124 WEST 42d STREET, N. Y.

THE DORÉ GALLERY.
ENTIRE COLLECTION FROM LONDON.
The Rendezvous of the Elite of New York.
THE CHURCH, LITERATURE AND ART,
THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.
Thousands of deeply impressed visitors.
Open week days, 10 to 10. Admission, 50 cents.
THURSDAYS, 10 to 6.
CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL, 57th St. and 7th Ave.

A Lasting Charm

that confers distinction on the possessor, and lends to any home a new attraction; it produces the best works of the world's famous composers with a purity of tone and sympathetic shading not excelled by an accomplished performer. This charm is found in that wonderful new instrument, *Paillard's Gloria Interchangeable* Music Box.

No strings to get out of order; no reeds to rust. It lasts a life-time and plays any selection you choose.
Musical people are carried away with it. Any home may possess it. We have all styles and prices, and make special terms.
Send for book, or come and hear our daily concert when you are in the city.

NOVEL DESIGNS FOR CHILDREN'S GIFTS.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO., 680 B'way, N. Y.

$10 to $50 per night. A light and profitable business. Magic Lanterns and Views of popular subjects. Catalogues on application. Part 1, Optical; 2, Mathematical; 3, Meteorological; 4, Magic Lanterns, etc.
L. MANASSE, 88 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

CRIPPLES, Ladies and girls, if you want air or exercise, buy a Fairy Tricycle—foot or hand power BICYCLES. Cheap for all.
Address FAY MFG. CO., Elyria, Ohio.

AMATEVR · SPORT

The Yale-Harvard game on Saturday last, with its 6-0 score in favor of the blue, despite the victory, was a great surprise to the New Haven team, nor were Yale men the only ones surprised. The average follower of football looked for Harvard's defeat by upwards of twenty points, and judging by the betting, the popular verdict gave them one chance in three to win.

Those who read this department last week were put in possession of the latest and closest facts of the situation, and in a position, therefore, to know that Harvard's stiff, steady game the first fifteen minutes meant that Yale would "be held down to a closer struggle than she had last year." Looking back on the game now after it is over, it seems really remarkable that Harvard should have been able to make so good a fight. I am prepared to read in the coming few days newspaper interviews with "old college men," commenting on Harvard's "foxiness" in playing off in her matches with Cornell, Amherst, and the Boston Athletic Association, but whoever accepts such views will be deceiving themselves of the actual facts, and underestimating the wonderful improvement made by the team in the seven days of work between the B. A. A. game and the one last Saturday with Yale.

The facts are the Harvard eleven played such wretched football in the B. A. A. game that members of the team, coachers, and every one else interested in them despaired of making even a stand against Yale. That they should have pulled themselves together for such a grand struggle reflects much credit on the members of the team and on their coachers. Proper and systematic coaching has been one of Harvard's greatest handicaps to putting a winning team on the field or on the water. It would be neither reasonable nor true to claim that a stronger, more active, and more courageous lot of boys enter Yale than Harvard, yet the fact that Harvard has won only once in football in eighteen years, and once on the water in seven years, has a significance that is not explained by "luck." "Yale luck," so called, is nothing more or less than a sound system followed out intelligently and faithfully by coachers and captains working in earnest unison for the success of their *alma mater*.

At Harvard the eleven struggles along through the early part of the season left almost to work out its own salvation, except for the desultory coaching of some one or two old players whose ideas are not in harmony. This year, for instance, the team had no one until the season had well advanced, and then Cumnock was induced to coach while Cranston helped on the centre. No one coach, be he ever so good, can fit an eleven to meet a Yale team, and Harvard realized that fact just ten days before the Springfield game, when Joe Sears, captain of the '88 team, and Steve Crosby and Perry Trafford joined Cumnock and Cranston.

This digression from the Springfield game is not with the intention of offering excuses for the Harvard defeat, but to point out the wide difference in the systems followed by each college, and dwell on the wisdom of Yale's. The actual winning of a football game is a mere incidental feature to the sport, so far as I am personally concerned, and my criticisms of Harvard's methods bear on the future of the game, and not simply on the winner of a year.

It would not have been for the good of football if Harvard had won the game last Saturday, for close as the struggle was, Yale played much the more progressive game, and had prepared herself for the contest with more intelligence. Had Harvard won this year, undoubtedly coachers, captain, and team next year would have followed in the same beaten track; now that they are defeated after a glorious combat that leaves them not unhonored, probably at last we shall see a system, and some harmony at Cambridge. Harvard has been following an *ignis-fatuus* long enough.

The one feature of Yale's work on Saturday which more than any other distinguished it from Harvard's was the unison of the runner with the ball and his interferers. When Yale hit the Harvard line it was with the combined strength of the men in the play. They did not straggle into it one after the other, but by a united effort plunged through with a force almost irresistible. The Harvard backs, on the other hand, received very little aid in going through the line—a little more than last year, but not much. Only once during the game did I see any interference worthy the name, and that was when Hinkey was neatly boxed while Upton went round his end for twenty-five yards. And this very play showed the tremendous difference in Yale and Harvard interference; if it had been by the former team, the interferers would have cleared Upton's way for twice the distance, the chance for so doing being of the best; but the Harvard interferers, once they had switched off Hinkey, left Upton very much at the mercy of Yale; he was running ahead and unprotected when Laurie Bliss tackled him. Harvard as yet hardly understands the first principles of interference.

Another strong feature of Yale's work was the tackling of her men—it was low and hard, and the runner always thrown towards his own goal. Harvard's tackling was not up to it, nor up to the work of the 1890 team in this respect. Occasionally a Yale runner came down in approved style, but more frequently his downfall did not come until he had struggled along for increased gain. Yale's tackling was fierce, and in several instances it looked vicious. Deliberately downing the Harvard full back every time he made a fair catch, and with such ferocity, had a very suspicious air; it looked very much as though Yale believed the prospect of laying up Brewer by slamming him down hard every time on a catch, or making him drop the ball, well repaid the penalty of five yards. We all know football is a hard game, and do not expect it to be otherwise; but we do not want to encourage any of the old "slogger" spirit evinced in deliberate attempts to injure an opponent. We owe it to the future of the game to crush this show of viciousness wherever and whenever it appears; and one of the most effective checks would probably be to increase the penalty of interfering with the catch from five to ten yards. There is less reason, too, in knocking over the full back after he has punted; yet once or twice I noticed the Harvard forwards jump into Butterworth when the ball was on its way down the field.

Reviewing the work of the two teams after the excitement of the battle has passed away, the desperation of Harvard's defensive game is apparent. From beginning to end of the game the ball was more frequently in Yale's territory than in Harvard's, and yet Laurie Bliss alone made forty yards more gain in the two halves than did the entire Harvard eleven in the same time. Yale gained, all told, about four hundred yards, while Harvard did not make within two hundred and fifty yards of that figure. Harvard made only one gain around the end, Upton's run of twenty yards, while Yale did the trick nineteen times. Twenty-six times Yale ran with the ball for no gain, and twelve times Harvard's attempts resulted similarly. Altogether Yale ran with the ball eighty-three times and Harvard forty-four; while Butterworth punted eleven times to Brewer's ten.

Harvard did not have a scoring team, but it had a line of forwards whose defensive game was exceedingly strong; it was this and the muffing by Butterworth and L. Bliss of Brewer's punts, that kept the ball so much in Yale's territory, and it was this muffing that, as this department said last week it would, came so near resulting disastrously for Yale.

There was also, as expected, plenty of opportunity in the game for Butterworth to show what he can do at punting, and the new full back proved himself the strongest kicker on the field, though he can do better than he did on Saturday. He is somewhat slow, though not nearly so much so as the fact of his having several kicks blocked on Saturday might argue, for both Waters and Mackie broke through the Yale line nearly every time, and were on him before he had half a chance. He is slow, however, and showed poor judgment, or rather lack of experience, in not turning to one side when about to kick. He was a disappointment on the catch, making two bad muffs, as did also Laurie Bliss. But Brewer's kicks are hard to handle; he gets a twist into them that requires a good honest clasp to keep the ball from slipping. If Butterworth's catching was somewhat disappointing, his line bucking certainly was not; he made a reputation on Saturday that will rival McCormick's as a plunging back. When the lines were at their hardest play he almost invariably made some gain when sent. He does not appear to get on much speed, but strikes low and hard, and even while one fancies him at the bottom of the two piled-up rush lines, his head and shoulders suddenly come clear for his gain.

The kicking of Brewer was not so good as expected, nor up to the form he has shown this season. In the beginning of the game especially, his punts were very short and high, and throughout the afternoon in fact they were badly directed, going out of bounds for small gains. In judging Butterworth's kicks, however, and catching, both Brewer and Gray did clever work, and their nerve and ability to hold the ball were put to a severe test. Brewer is also slow on the kick, but his record was clean on Saturday, for the very good reason that he had a defensive line in front of him which gave him confidence and ample time. The Yale forwards did not get through very often, and when they did, Lake took care of them. The running of the Harvard backs was not a prominent feature of the game, because, as already said, they did not have enough interference to name it. Even Lake, who is a very brilliant ground-gainer and a strong powerful runner, did not make more than about thirty-five yards during the entire game. What they could do with interference may easily be imagined, since all three have speed and nerve. Brewer has the making of a star full back, the only drawback being his weight, which does not exceed 150.

The star ground-gainer behind the line in Saturday's game, however, was Laurence T. Bliss, who has played on the Yale 'varsity the last three years. Bliss weighs only 155 pounds, but he stands hammering that would use up most men twenty pounds heavier. He has always been one of the "Yale reliables," but last year McClung was called on for most of the work. This year Bliss had his innings, and he has been found a more valuable man than even his most ardent admirer believed him to be. Any half back who could so repeatedly get through such a hard line as Harvard's on Saturday, fighting desperately for every foot of ground, and stand the wear and tear of that battle, has great football stuff in him. I was glad to see his brother, C. Bliss—more familiarly known as "Pop"—on the team; he is a good strong runner, and has been trying for a place for several years, but unable to make it on account of the wealth of half-back material. The one failure of the Bliss brothers has always been the tendency to fumble the ball, and between Laurie's two muffs on Saturday and his brother's two fumbles they came near neutralizing their good work.

Where Yale had counted on making steady gains around the ends, curiously enough they found it more difficult than through tackle and centre. They did get around several times, but the manner in which Hallowell and Emmons broke up the interference and downed the runner was probably one of the greatest surprises—at least to the average on-looker who had read of Yale's wonderful interference on end plays. Harvard seemed to have the greatest trouble in stopping the heavy plays directed at tackle and centre. Yale had several strong centre mass plays, and Harvard could not seem to find the man with the ball. But they found him many a time on open plays almost as soon as he had received the ball from McCormick.

The breaking through of the Harvard forwards was of a high-order. Neither Hickox nor McCrea was a match for Waters or Mackie, and the latter two went through whenever they chose. The Yale guards are very young, neither being over eighteen, and have never played in a big match before. They are both strong, and, taking their inexperience into consideration, really put up a very promising game against Harvard. Neither got into the interference very much, but they used their strength to good advantage in the mass play. The two centre men—Lewis and Stillman—had a battle royal, and the former's skill was evident several times in putting the ball in play for the Yale snap back; but Stillman played a strong game, and was by no means overmatched in the line, though Lewis outfooted him and was in almost every play of the game. Indeed, Lewis put up a great game, and in several instances was down with the ball as soon as the tackles.

Both tackles and ends played great football. Last year Hinkey overshadowed Hallowell, partly because the latter played in for Winter, so Newell could assist in the general hunt for Heffelfinger. On Saturday Hallowell played probably the most brilliant game of any rusher on the field; certainly he was a match for Hinkey. Emmons, at the other end, had a more difficult time with Greenway, who has developed into a strong player, but there was not a great deal of difference between them.

It would be hard to find four better tacklers than Wallis and Winter, of Yale, and Upton and Newell, of Harvard. Of them all, probably Wallis is the best all-round man, and Upton did more than was to be expected in holding him so closely. Upton, in fact, played a strong game, and his eye was on the ball all the time.

Neither was there a great deal of difference between Winter and Newell. The Yale man is livelier on his feet, and apt to be in the play quicker, but Newell got through him pretty often, and did good work.

Both captains managed their teams very ably. It was expected of McCormick, as he has been playing at quarter all season, and is, moreover, naturally fitted for the place. Trafford's going to quarter in the last few weeks of the season was a risky experiment taken as a last desperate chance to strengthen the backs. He is not built for a quarter back, for though quick enough with his hands, he is slow with his body and feet, which would not permit of his getting into interference, assuming Harvard had any interference. He put up a good steady game against Yale, and ran the team with excellent judgment. His tackling was very good, and his breaking through and stopping McCormick's pass was quick enough work to suit any one.

The attempt at a drop-kick was not a very strong one, but might have come to at least a gain if Newell had held Winter, but the latter got through and downed Trafford for a loss of ten yards. McCormick's game is always a strong one. He plays in the position which he prefers of all others, and he plays it to the very best advantage. His interference for runners is especially strong.

Harvard was very unfortunate in having Emmons and Upton laid up in the second half, for Mason and Shea were altogether outclassed. It so weakened the left side of the line that from the moment the ball was put in play after the substitution, Yale began to make gains through Shea and around Mason, and they kept it up, steadily advancing the ball until it was inside Harvard's five-yard line, when C. Bliss ran out from a mass play and scored Yale's first touch-down.

It is hard to say what the result would have been had Upton and Emmons played on to the end. Up to the time of their retirement it looked very much like a tie game, neither side being able to score. I was following that ball about as closely as any spectator on Hampdon Park, I imagine, and I failed to see any interference with Laurie Bliss when he muffed Brewer's kick and it rolled over the Yale touch line, Hallowell falling on it for a down. Neither did I hear any whistle. It would be rather a good idea, I should think, to make a ruling that the umpire as well as the referee blow his whistle *immediately* on discovering interference or any play that will bring the ball back. Maybe there is such a rule (I have no time to look it up), but at least it is not enforced. If Umpire Coffin had blown his whistle stoutly on that occasion Saturday, before the ball crossed the Yale goal line, there would have been nothing like the feeling on the matter there is. As it is now, Harvard will always feel she really played Yale a tie game in 1892.

As for the management of the game, it was perfect. One was astonished at the ease of getting in and out. The field was in fine condition. There is probably no turf in the country equal to Hampdon Park, and the seats were divided off into sections, like last year, with the addition of reserved individual seats with the luxury of a back rest. If the University Athletic Club makes the success with the Yale-Princeton game that Mr. Charles E. Stickney and his associates did with the Yale-Harvard affair, it will be a fit subject for congratulations.

The Yale-Princeton game on Thanksgiving day is certain to be equally as interesting, if not quite as exciting, as the Yale-Harvard contest last Saturday. To a very large extent the certainty of form as a basis for comparison is as much shrouded in mystery as was Harvard's. In fact, the cases of Harvard and Princeton were quite similar, with the advantage on Harvard's side, however, that her rush line was composed of comparative veterans and therefore more likely to rally on the day of the supreme contest, while Princeton's line is almost made up of green men, on whose playing form at the critical test no one can tell anything.

Until Princeton fell before the veteran rushers of the University of Pennsylvania her prospects were very bright for making a strong showing against Yale. Probably that defeat by the U. of P. has nerved them to a condition where they will die in the last ditch; maybe it has crushed their spirit. I am a believer in the former, but as the team has made no public exhibition, one must figure in the dark.

The team is certainly stronger individually than it was last year when it held Yale down to an even score in the first half—beeause the blue had not appreciated the weak point. Balliet is a great addition to the team; aside from being one of the cleverest snap backs, he gets into the play, and gives a lot of assistance to the team work. Wheeler is much stronger than he was last year, and has developed into one of the best (if not the best) guards of the season. Hall is a green giant who has strength and astonishing activity for one of his weight. He has always been able to hold his own in the line, but failed to get into the play; it remains to be seen how much he has improved.

The tackles are Princeton's weak point. Lea is a good active man, has football stuff in him, and will, with experience, turn out a good one; so will Harold; but they and the men on end, Trenchard and Randolph, seem altogether too green timber to do a great deal this year. Vincent's ankle will hardly permit him to play out the game, or even to begin. Trenchard stood the Pennsylvania Waterloo without losing his head, and should give a good account of himself.

If Fiscus should prove satisfactory, he might be put in at tackle, and Lea at end; but at this writing there is no certainty, and the practice of the team is secret.

It must not be forgotten that Princeton has been practising in secret since November 7th, and in that length of time they might do a great deal. Behind the line Princeton is even stronger than last year, *i. e.*, providing Homans's leg gets into working order before Thursday. The team must have improved greatly in tackling and interference since their last public game to make a strong fight Thanksgiving day, but they realize it is the most important game they ever had. Although it is almost "going it blind," since nothing has been seen of the team since November 5th, I should say if they held Yale down to 10 points they would be doing well.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE."—BY "C. DE HURST."—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE, $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.